



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

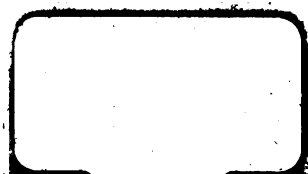
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



3 3433 08158270 6

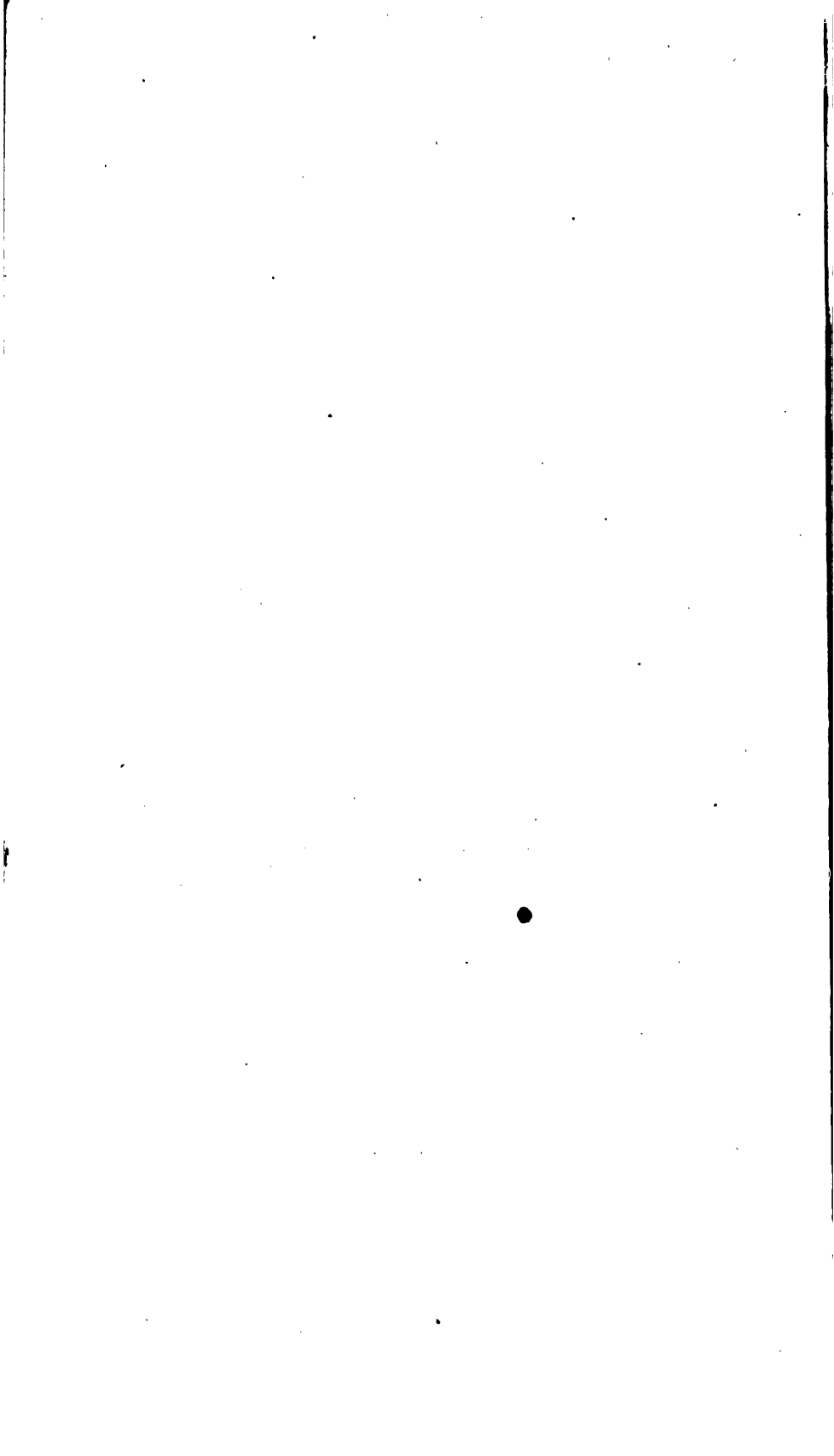


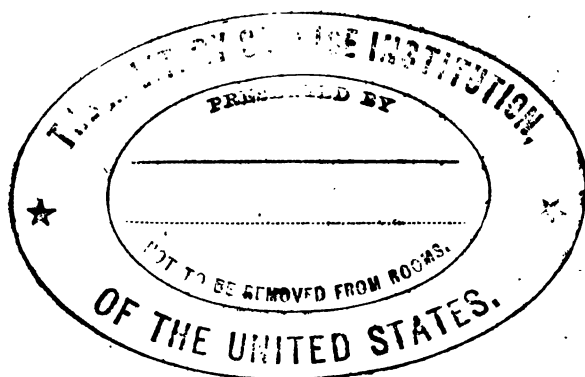
Pecchi

E









Class D No 218.

NOV 7 1954
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

(Pecchioli)
BNC

THE
END

JOURNAL

OF

MILITARY AND POLITICAL EVENTS

IN

SPAIN

DURING THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS.

giuseppe
By COUNT PECCHIO.

WITH

SOME INTRODUCTORY REMARKS ON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION, &c.

"Ripeness is all!"—

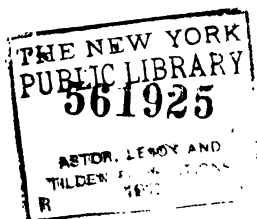
~~KING-BRAK, Act V. Sc. II.~~

LONDON

G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER, AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1824.

Ac.



NOV 27 1894
LIBRARY
Y. P. L.

LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

BY

THE EDITOR.

CIRCUMSTANCES having prevented me from paying a second visit to the Peninsula as I so fully intended, for the purpose of following up my account of the Spanish Revolution by a detail of occurrences subsequent to 1820, I feel happy in being enabled to lay the remarks of a much abler pen before the public, as a sequel to the Letters I published in March last; more especially at a moment, when the interest, at all times attached to the affairs of Spain in this country, is heightened in proportion to the importance of recent events, connected as these are with our own power and prosperity.

Previously to offering a few observations, which are forced from me, on a view of the present crisis, I have to express my regret at my inability to do justice to the vivid style and original manner of an author, whom, however he may be disfigured in the following pages, I regard as one of the best living writers of his country. Independently however of the above cause, I should add that the translation has been prepared in great haste, owing to my anxiety to redeem the pledge which I have given with respect to the Greek Revolution. But the paramount interest, excited by the catastrophe of Spain, will, I trust, be a sufficient excuse for my turning aside for a few days from the consideration of Grecian affairs.

Those, who took the trouble of looking over my Introduction to the last work of Count Pecchio, will have perceived that I considered the stability of our power as being ~~mainly~~ dependant on the part we should take in the then approaching aggression of the ruling faction of France against Spain. In common with the best friends of their country, I thought it impossible for

England to avoid espousing the cause of the Peninsula without betraying her dearest interests. She, however, remained neuter at home, while her diplomatic agents abroad are said to have indirectly co-operated with the invaders. What has been the result?—Why, that in little more than six months after I ventured to record my humble opinion, the whole of Spain, with all her fortresses, was in undisturbed possession of a French army!

As every day, nay every hour, will tend to convince Englishmen, that the occupation of Spain by France, under any pretence, is fearfully opposed to the power and prosperity of Great Britain, it is needless for me to dwell on that galling subject. I cannot, however, omit this opportunity of expressing my deep regret, that two statesmen who expressed themselves in such dignified terms at the commencement of the unequal struggle, and upon whom the nation seemed to rely for support, should have so cruelly disappointed the hopes of their country. But I will abstain from the language of reproach; for what sting can be greater—what condition

more humiliating than that of a minister, who has lived to witness the degradation of his country ?

Amidst that deplorable apathy, which seems to have overtaken the leaders of two parties, who have divided political power and influence amongst us, since the accession of the reigning family ; it is consoling to reflect that all are not equally blind nor indifferent to the dangers, which threaten an edifice cemented by the blood of millions, and such incalculable sacrifices of another kind.

The class to which I allude, has never for one instant lost sight of the combination to diminish British influence and power by those very sovereigns, who owe their present existence to British blood and British gold : sovereigns however, who never objected to join in a league against us, when it could be effected with any hopes of success. Whilst this class was endeavouring to persuade the country, that it was not to put down the Spanish Constitution that a French army invaded Spain, but to aggrandize France at the ex-

pence of England, the utmost pains were taken by others to prove, that nothing more was intended, than checking the revolutionary spirit. The importance of removing a delusion at once so preposterous, and so fatal requires no argument: its fallacy and danger are amply illustrated by the arrangements making on the part of France to occupy the Spanish fortresses, until at least her ulterior plans of aggrandisement are matured.

As connected with the future views of the Holy Alliance, we need only cast our eyes on the projects so unequivocally avowed relative to South America. Unhappily those who are acquainted with the materials of which society is composed there, and the corruptions transfused from the mother country to her colonies, feel but too just an apprehension, lest the same weapons which have been employed to conquer Spain, may also re-conquer the new world.

In contemplating the efforts which England must soon be called upon to make, or quietly sink into a power, not of the *second*,

but of the *third or fourth* order, it is also gratifying to reflect, that the great majority of the people is not insensible to an approaching crisis. It is, I trust, still prepared to make every sacrifice, rather than suffer the glory of England to perish; and if once freed from religious and political disabilities, it would, I am sure, gladly go forth to punish a faction which, after having been first fed by British hospitality, and then restored to power by its best blood and treasure, sought the earliest occasion to turn on its benefactors. But who is there that does not perceive the retribution of a just and omnipotent providence in the return thus made to us, for having afforded protection to a set of men, whom a whole nation had driven from power, as the enemies of freedom above thirty years ago?

Here, I would willingly trace the insidious arts and vile machinations by which French intrigue first paved the way, and then covered the Peninsula with those mercenary hordes, who have almost for ever destroyed the hopes lately cherished by the friends of order and humanity, in favor of a return to

principle in the French army. The millions upon millions employed to purchase and corrupt the most abandoned in church and state in a nation reduced to the last stage of poverty, together with an explanation of those causes which rendered it impossible for the Constitutionals successfully to resist the most base and unprincipled attack ever made on the independence of a nation, are also subjects upon which I would fain dilate. The accumulated perjuries of Ferdinand, of the infamous Abisbal, and no less an infamous Morillo, to all of whom I was, in an evil hour, tempted to give credit for some virtues, would form a fertile source of commentary; but these must be reserved for a future day.

Notwithstanding those treasons against freedom which have marked our policy during late years, and which have led to the deterioration of our national character to an alarming degree, what can be more flattering to us as a nation, than to see the exiles, whom tyranny and foreign bayonets have driven from the land of their fathers, still seeking an asylum on our shores, as if something whispered to

them, that the genius of freedom still lingers amongst us. When public sympathy has begun to be so strongly manifested in favor of the Italian and Spanish patriots now in England, one question may with great propriety be put to ministers, as an argument in favour of their patronising, (if they do not come forward in a more direct way,) the subscription so laudably set on foot, without any regard to party distinctions, to succour men whose only crime is a wish to assimilate the institutions of their own countries to those of England. Did we not maintain above twenty thousand French emigrants driven from France as the supporters and sattleites of superstition and tyranny, but who now form the life and soul of that faction which is sedulously occupied in undermining our power and destroying our commercial prosperity?—If we did, and the proofs are irrefragable, with what show of reason or of justice, I would ask, can we deny relief to the constitutional exiles of Europe, the real and natural friends of England?

With respect to the Spanish Patriots themselves, though I will not pretend to assert,

that even their *union* would have saved the Peninsula unaided by us, considering the innumerable obstacles they had to contend with ; what an important lesson ought they not to glean from the experience of the last three years, and how essential for their future interest, that they should reflect on the positive evils and irreparable injuries done to the cause of freedom and civilization by their worse than senseless dissensions. It is only by a dispassionate examination of past errors they can hope to profit by the future ; and seeing, as the most superficial amongst them must, the impossibility of accomplishing any one object of national regeneration, where passion and party prejudice are suffered to intervene, surely they will henceforth bury animosities of every kind in oblivion, and, only thinking of their own position and that of their fellow countrymen reduced to slavery, unite heart and hand to punish not only domestic traitors of every rank and station, but also those base foreign mercenaries who have polluted their soil and lent themselves to the authors of an unprovoked aggression.

Vindictive and irrational as the spirit may

be, which dictates the party animosities of our own country, I cannot, even with all the melancholy experience of the past, and present example before me, persuade myself that those who have by their writings and speeches openly encouraged the invasion of Spain, and thus given a dreadful blow to the vitals of British power, will be so abandoned to all sense of patriotism and virtue as to persevere in their parricidal policy, merely for the sake of giving way to their personal hatreds, and the hacknied but insane dread of liberal opinions: if they do, the consequences are obvious, and the responsibility really appalling.

Finally, may the blood of the lamented and murdered **RIEGO**, the pure and unspotted martyr of Spanish freedom, yet rise up in judgment against his ruthless assassins whether principals or accessaries. And, above all, may the ministers of England remember ere it be too late, that the stability of her power and preservation of her political existence are inseparably allied to the establishment of the constitutional system throughout Europe!

EDWARD BLAQUIERE.

BATH, December 14th, 1823.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I SHOULD have continued the series of Letters on Spain and Portugal, already before the public, would not that terrible monster with *a hundred eyes and a thousand ears*, which has replaced the Inquisition in Europe, have opened and read them before they reached their destination. In order therefore to punish the arbitrary curiosity of the above monster, I was forced to deprive myself of a correspondence which formed one of the greatest consolations of my exile :

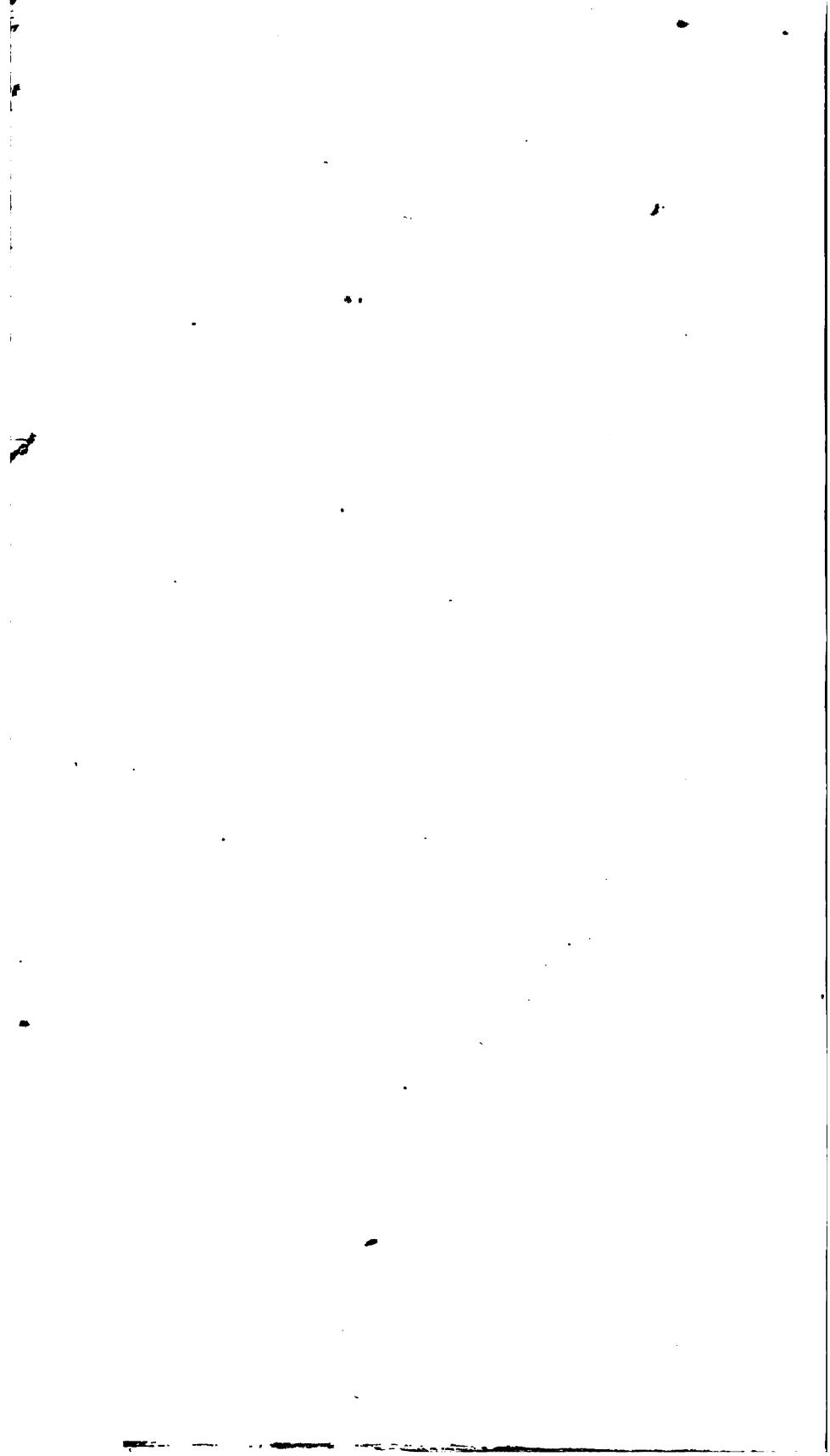
But that the recollection of those events which were passing under my own eyes during my stay in Spain might not be lost, I determined to keep a journal of the most remarkable occurrences, and it is this which I now offer to public notice.

The liberty of Spain no longer exists; and its fall costs me a second exile. In Spain I had found another parent, a second country, and with her I have not only lost a pure sky, salubrious climate, the engaging smiles of her women, and easy hospitality; but I have also lost the proud satisfaction, to which the friendship of General Ballesteros gave me a right.—After thirty years of a chivalrous life, this officer has fallen from the pinnacle of honor into the infamy of treason. Every body knows that when, on his reaching Granada, Cadiz stretched out her hands to him as her liberator, he submitted to the Madrid regency, thus laying down at the feet of tyranny, the sword he had received to defend freedom.—Until now, I had thought the simultaneous assassination of one's country's freedom and that of an illustrious and honored name, impossible. So strong however were the ties of friendship which for two years bound me to this warrior, that while honor obliges me to dissolve it for ever, I feel myself constrained to esteem him still in the memory of his former virtues.

I have now no other means of showing

my gratitude to Spain, except by offering up the most fervent vows for the resurrection of her liberties. I am not fond of prophesying, and yet I have flattering presentiments on this subject. It is besides gratifying to indulge the hope, that Spanish freedom is not dead, but merely suspended. And I am even induced to rest my hopes on Ferdinand himself; not on his clemency nor wisdom, but on his frenzied tyranny. He seems indeed to have been born for the purpose of causing despotism to cease. It was he who provoked the conspiracy of PORLIER and of LACY, as well as that of Valencia; and finally he effected the revolution of 1820. Nor can much time elapse before he brings about another revolution in Spain. Such at least is the presumption to be drawn from the atrocious decree of October the 4th. The Holy Alliance has not, in fact, yet discovered that Ferdinand VII. is the greatest Revolutionist of Europe.

LONDON, *December 1st.* 1823.



JOURNAL,

&c.

MADRID.

August 30th, 1822.—The seventh of July at Madrid, may be compared to those storms which suddenly obscure the picturesque Lake of Como in summer, and after a few hours of terrific commotion, leave the vault of heaven more pure and smiling than ever. That day was nothing more than a momentary whirlwind. People are now as free in Madrid as at Philadelphia, and as tranquil as at Vienna.

Julius Cæsar was not more generous after victory than were the Liberals of Spain. These know how to vanquish without triumphing ;

they even renounced the popular song of the *Tragala*, which the Serviles could never swallow. Riego also caused the *vivas* which followed his steps to cease: this was right, for honors are always more justly merited when rejected; and a free people ought to have no other object of political adoration than their country. In this respect, liberty is like Lutheranism, it neither admits of superstition nor idolatry. If our country is personified, it runs the risk of losing its immortality, as the deities of Homer lost their invulnerability when they assumed the human form.

It will create surprise, north of the Pyrenees, to hear that not one of the seven new ministers bears the title of count or marquis, of which there is certainly no scarcity in Spain. Here, however, it has not occasioned the smallest astonishment, because it is no novelty to the Spaniards; even under the old despotism, public employments were never the patrimony of a privileged class; for any person might aspire to them, if he happened to please the caprice of the monarch. It is in the nature of despotism

to equalize every body: in Constantinople, the sultan's barber often becomes grand vizier. Previous to 1808, a private of the royal guard became Prince of Peace!

I am on every account delighted to see the reins of the revolution return to the hands of those by whom it was brought about. They suffered them to be torn from them in 1820: woe to them and to Europe if they lose their hold a second time! Their enterprise is not one of trifling moment: the object is to raise a Car overturned amidst a thousand obstacles, and environed by ruins. The Serviles look on with a malignant eye to see if, in the attempt to raise it too hastily, the Car should fall over on the other side: their hopes are founded on the errors of their adversaries: they console themselves with the thought that this is the last experiment to sustain the constitutional edifice. Either the ministry will be weak, say they, or it will succumb under the counter-revolution; if violent and oppressive, it will fall a victim to popular odium.

The above anticipations do not give me

any uneasiness. I trust the ministry will know how to avoid both these dangers, taking care to be moderate without weakness, and strong without violence: circumstances are highly favourable to its operations. The conspirators are so terrified that it will be sufficient to hold up the arm of power without striking, to petrify them. The national guards, and municipalities of the Peninsula, offer to devote themselves to their country, and the whole of the anti-constitutional journals were silenced on the 8th of July. The liberal papers praise and flatter the new ministry, which is deluged with their counsels; some suggest an alliance with Portugal, others an Army of Observation of eighty thousand men; while a third class recommend the contracting a loan to the amount of a Billion, a fourth proposes a general congress of all the free people of Europe, &c.

August 31st.—I am inclined to think that the human mind works more in a year of revolution, than it could during a century of peace. The agitation and anxiety are perhaps even greater than those experienced

in war. Thus study becomes a species of repose. I profit by this truce, which will certainly not be long, in order tranquilly to return to my books. The heat is great, but it does not suffocate like that of Lombardy, my lost Paradise. Besides, I am a greater idolater of the sun than a Peruvian; the pure and elevated sky of Madrid never satiates me. From six till ten in the morning, I generally take refuge under the majestic elms of the *Retiro*. These venerable trees are watered daily, as regularly as if they were tender violets. This is really a most singular climate: the heat of La Mancha and the Castiles weakens and enervates, while the air on the contrary, seems bracing and salubrious. Though apparently soft and effeminate, the peasants of these provinces are the most robust of the Peninsula. In all the villages of Spain, the labouring classes pass their hours of idleness, (and these are not a few) in playing the popular game of *La Bara*, which seems to have been invented by the Titans of old. The Bara, is a piece of iron, about two feet long, weighing from eighteen to twenty pounds. The player raises it with his right

hand, while a large stone is held in the left to maintain his equilibrium, and increase the power of impelling the bar. He who throws the bar farthest, so as to fall on one of its extremities, is declared the victor. This game is seldom played except for the mere honor of winning. I have seen a peasant of La Mancha fling the bar to a distance of above forty feet. I doubt whether Ajax could have done more. The game of La Bara having one day become the subject of conversation at a diplomatic dinner, Morillo observed, "talk of it to me, who was born a peasant, and made it the sport of my youth, during which I was considered a first-rate player."—I have my doubts, whether the rest of the company were very well pleased with the Count de Carthagena, for thus recollecting his certificate of baptism.

September 3d.—The Comuneros are in a bad humour. They are not wrong :—of the seven individuals composing the ministry, there is not one of their fraternity. With the victory of the 7th of July, due in a great measure to their vigilance and valour, they had acquired the right of selecting a minis-

try of their own choice ; yet such was their generosity and anxiety to avoid the charge of ambition, that they left it to their rivals. But this courtesy was not met in a similar spirit. The masonic party abused their confidence ; imitating the conduct of Pope John XXII. who being chosen arbiter by the cardinals to name a pontiff between two contending factions, elected himself ! Thus it was that the masons composed the ministry of persons taken out of their own party.

A very curious book has just fallen into my hands : this is a collection of letters written by Antonio de Guevera, Bishop of Mondoñedo, in 1521 and the following year, against the Comuneros of those days. This saucy monk, but elegant writer, covers these brave and unhappy men with obloquy and abuse, accusing them of rebellion, sacrilege, and designating them as robbers and plunderers full of ambition. He charges Juan de Padilla with having espoused the cause in the hope of becoming grand master of St. Jago ; Acuna, Bishop of Zamora, with aspiring to the See of Toledo, and each of the other chiefs with wishing to be named Lords of one

of the seven cities of Castile, which they persuaded to declare against Charles the Fifth.

The Serviles of the present day are not less malignant than the Bishop of Mondoñedo. They avail themselves of similar accusations for the purpose of impeding the course of the revolution. Ballesteros is, for example, accused of aiming at the military dictatorship; Riego of wishing to preside at the head of a republic, and all the other Liberal leaders of some charge equally futile.

These stratagems, which the enemies of liberty invariably adopt, should be henceforth known to the defenders of popular rights: for it was by such weapons that the Gracchi, the Cola de Rienzos, and the Mazanielli fell.

During the tempests of a revolution, the party which feels itself sufficiently strong to hold the helm of state, ought to cling to it with firmness, and save the vessel in spite of all opposition. May not the Comuneros one day repent their ill-timed diffidence and moderation!

September 8th.—The ill-humour of the Comuneros is increasing: the masons have printed and prohibited their statutes with the intention, no doubt, of bringing them into disrepute. This is certainly an act of imprudence and even of hostility on their part. But after all, such a measure can do no injury to that party in the end. Their institution affords no scope to ridicule: it is not involved in hieroglyphics or intricacies. It may be compared to that of the Templars and Knights of Malta, who were not ridiculous in their day. The Comunero is made a knight of the order by a touch of the sword on his shoulder, as practised in the age of knight-errantry. Their general assemblies bear the imposing appellation of fortresses, and the minor ones, that of castles or towers, according to their importance. The funeral urns of PADILLA, BRAVO, and MALDONADO, the great champions of popular rights in Spain, are raised in the midst of each fortress or castle. The oath of a Comunero is that of a disinterested citizen and of a military patriot. He swears on the Holy Evangelists to defend the *sovereignty of the people*, and neither to demand

nor accept place or emolument except for the benefit of the community. The distinctive badge of a Comunero is a purple ribbon. Ballesteros was the first commander of this renowned institution: General Palarea is the present. There are at this moment forty thousand knights enrolled under the standard of Padilla.

The Comuneros of the present day, are the *Protestants* of Masonry. Owing to the abuses which they saw in its proceedings, they detached themselves from its grasp after the revolution of 1820, when their own society was formed. The reconciliation of these political sects seems far distant, and there is but too much reason to apprehend that this schism will have the same fatal effect as others have had before.

September 11th.—Another congress!—a fresh appendix to the Vienna congress of 1815!—such is the announcement of all the journals. The congress of Vienna resembles the interminable council of Trent. The court of Rome was occupied for thirty years in trying to put down Lutheranism, while the

Holy Alliance has consumed, and vainly consumed, eight years to destroy liberalism. If it succeed, well may we call it *holy*, for it will have performed a great miracle! A new congress? And where? At Verona—In the midst of the tears and mournings of so many Italian families!—How like the taste of Cannibals!—Ill-fated countrymen!—and they will hasten to sell their pencils, their songs, and their poetry to the oppressors on this occasion!

It is pretended that the object of the congress is still a secret,—I am inclined to think that it is what the French call, *le secret de la comedie*; who indeed is so blind as not to see that the destruction of the constitutional system in Spain is the grand and perhaps only object in view?

The Holy Alliance may think itself *holy*, but it is not infallible, and on this account I venture to assert that it is in error, or wishes to deceive, if it supposes that Spanish liberty can be contagious to the rest of Europe. Spanish liberty has the same qualities as the Castilians themselves: it is grave, serious, circumspect,

and unsociable. Every people have not the same superabundance of electricity as those of France, who are never content if they cannot divide their fashions, elegancies, follies and pleasures, with their neighbours. All nations are not cast in the same mould,—did not Holland remain as a Republic for two centuries without communicating the contagion of liberty either to Denmark, Prussia, or France? Did not Switzerland exist free and happy in the midst of Europe, for many centuries, exciting applause without imitation? The Abbé de Pradt once said, and he said so truly, that Spain is rather a kingdom of Africa than of Europe. Few travel in Spain, and scarcely any Spaniards travel in Europe. The Castilian language unfortunately ceased to be one of Europe with the sway of Charles V., and it may now be considered as a dead language, or very nearly so. The Tribune of the Cortes is only occupied for the discussion of domestic concerns; it has not those fits of philanthropy peculiar to the English Parliament, which takes a critical review of all the continental governments every year. This people will neither imitate nor be imitated. Charles V. and

Philip II. forced them into the intrigues of European politics, but they suffered themselves to be led on rather by their fondness for war, than a spirit of restlessness or irritability. They resemble the Turks even in their politics: like Diogenes in his tub, they are perfectly satisfied with their fine Castilian sun.

Could this people exhibit a greater proof of moderation or apathy than they did in the compensations of 1815, when they suffered themselves to be treated like Bavaria? A people who have not even to this day, been able to recover the Duchy of Parma and Placentia? Who have not raised a single monument to commemorate the glory of the last war, since the only ones in Spain which remind you of that war, consist of ruined villages still in a state of dilapidation, without any attempt, whether from poverty or indolence, being made to rebuild them?

It grieves me to say so, but Spanish liberty has a natural tendency to become stagnant in the Peninsula. If the cabinets of Europe break down the barrier of the Pyrenees, it

is then perhaps very probable that the spirit of freedom may deluge Europe in torrents : but such an inundation will never be the fault of the Spaniards.

I am heartily tired of hearing the words *Revolutionary Contagion* so often repeated during the last two years. Metaphors please me, but I am not to be deceived by them. Constitutions are not a mere fashion, they are not hats *à la Bolivar*, but commodities of the first necessity, a want felt by every people. I do not now wish to speak of other nations, but limiting my view to Italy, which will always be my favorite theme : I will ask, what need the Italians have of the example shown by Spain to give liberty to themselves ? Have they not sufficient examples at home in favour of the goddess ? was not Italy a nursery of Republics only a few centuries ago ? If she wishes to shake off the Austrian yoke, has she not the league of Lombardy before her eyes, the Sicilian vespers, and those still more striking events presented by the insurrections of the Genoese in 1746 ? The late revolutions at Naples and Piedmont were not mere fashionable

convulsions, but the natural movements of a body that tries to change a painful position. The Spanish constitution was proclaimed in order to have a rallying word, a sign, by which to recognise the sons of liberty; like the cities of Italy in the middle ages, which, when they wished to acquire perfect freedom, used to cry: The People! The People!

The inventors of so many forms of free government, how could the people of Italy stand in need of a literal plagiarism? The truth is, that Naples and Piedmont, or rather all Italy wished for the representative system.

September 13th.—I perceive that the Spaniards are more gloomy than usual; but it is not so much the news of another congress as passing events at home, that make them so thoughtful. The blaze of civil war is spreading: Navarre is even infested by the factious; Aragon is also in convulsion; happily Saragossa remains faithful, and the virgin of El Pilar is still a constitutionalist. It seems to me as if the ministry moved too

slowly: the delays and difficulties opposed to the trial of the conspirators of the 7th of July, excite the bile of the Liberals. The journals begin to murmur against the excessive mildness of government, while they affirm with too much truth, that weakness and inaction do not constitute moderation. In fact, the political horizon is becoming cloudy; nor is it by any means so serene as during the last month. Mina has not yet been able to commence his operations in Catalonia, nor have the supplies of men and money reached him: he is not likely to risk the honor of his arms so very easily. Whenever Mina begins, he will have enough to do; in the meantime, we are without a legislative body: the ministry requires loans and soldiers, for which reason it has convoked the extraordinary cortes; these are to meet on the 7th of October. It is true that free governments lose a great deal of time in deliberating; but this is regained where they know how to rouse the enthusiasm and energies of a people. The last sentence is very opportune at the present moment.

September 18th.—Although the Liberals

are called *Descamisados* by the Serviles, they are not unacquainted with elegance and taste ; they gave a most sumptuous ball yesterday. Indeed I never in the whole course of my travels witnessed a meeting of a hundred and fifty female faces so gay and sprightly as those who were present there : nor do I imagine China could produce feet so small and well turned. It is really a pity that the Spanish women should abandon their light and short dresses for the Parisian modes, which conceal so much of their fine ankles ; more especially as owing to their not being accustomed to this foreign costume, it looks as awkward as the uniform of a conscript when put on for the first time. The women of Italy cannot conceal the expression of their passions even in public : love, jealousy, and sorrow are always depicted in their countenances. Whereas the Spanish fair leave their passions at home, as if they were determined to be independent and on an equality with all for eight or ten hours in the twenty-four. An Italian Cicisbeo would burst with rage, on seeing his Chloe dancing, laughing and joking with every body. A master of the ceremonies is not required to

become acquainted with a Spanish lady; a herald to announce you, or a Mæcenæ to explain the colour of your blood, are equally unnecessary. The young women of Spain answer all those who address them with grace and sweetness, whilst their natural talents supply traits of wit and good sense, that are seldom to be found in books, which they never read. This accidental acquaintance is nevertheless durable. If you happen to meet them next day in the Prado, they salute you with a movement of their fan and an *agur*, which is by far the most cheerful salutation I ever heard. Spanish women do not admire the intrigues of romances: they love with the same frankness which the ancient Romans used to manifest in friendship: hence duels never take place, because no person remains in doubt whether he is beloved or not. They discard a lover just as a despot turns off his ministers, without giving any reason, or leaving room for reconciliation or reply. A Spanish woman will extinguish the torch of love with a breath, while those of Italy suffer it to die by degrees.

September 22nd.—Lopez Baños, the new

minister at war, had never seen Ballesteros, nor would the latter ever consent to meet him. But to-day the ex-deputy Gutierrez Acuña brought about a friendly interview between them in his own house. This was not a sterile introduction: Ballesteros spoke at great length, and with his wonted energy on the necessity of organizing an army of reserve to be composed of eighty thousand men at least, by which to avoid or repel the invasion of the peninsula by France. He proved that this was the only means of striking terror into domestic enemies, and checking the ambition of others, as well as to introduce that subordination and discipline into the army which had been hitherto neglected. The minister at war was so convinced of these reasons, that he promised to propose the measure in the first sitting of the Cortes, reserving to himself the pleasure of conferring the command of the army on the general who suggested its formation.

October 8th.—The Cortes Extraordinary were opened yesterday. It was a day of public joy, and one of pleasing confidence to me. I candidly confess that I always mistrust

the executive, and that I am never completely tranquil except when the legislative body is assembled. There were more than forty deputies dressed in the uniform of the national guards, of whom the greatest number are simple privates, not from vanity or ostentation, but because their companies would not consider them equal to the duties of a higher rank. Neither the follies of democracy nor its extravagance, find a place in the cool and methodical head of a Spaniard.

There was an immense crowd looking at and admiring a grenadier of the national guard who stood centinel at the entrance of the hall. On advancing towards the spot, I recognised in this veteran of sixty-five, the ex-deputy Romero Alpuente, who, from being judge of the supreme tribunal of Spain, had transformed himself into a soldier. Don Juan Romero Alpuente is, perhaps, one of the greatest originals in Europe. Even without considering his virtues, knowledge, or patriotism, he deserves to be described. He is "tall, frigid, and horribly ugly; wears a black silk cap and steel spectacles,"—such is the portrait given by a writer of the day, and such is

he represented in a lithographic print. The Serviles pretend that he resembles Don Quixote; but what will not malignity disfigure. Don Juan himself admits that he is ugly, but he never would allow of his being *horribly so*. He is endowed with an eloquence at once natural and popular. I have heard him speak extempore for above two hours, without even flagging or lowering his voice, which is a real monochord. The people like him because they understand his speeches, and laugh at his jokes. He was once furiously persecuted by the Inquisition, but he took no other revenge than buying up the chairs of the inquisitors who kept him three years shut up in the prisons of Murcia, and adorning his house with them as trophies of the revolution. These trophies are certainly much more valuable than the throne of Tippoo Saib.

To-day the ministers have laid open the internal situation of the country to the Cortes. The minister of war says, that the number of factious in Catalonia, Aragon, and Navarre, amount to forty thousand men. Mequinenza, - La Seu d'Urgel, Balaguer, Castellollit, and other fortified points, have

fallen into their hands. To oppose this irruption, there are not more than fifty-two thousand men of the regular army. But the minister has demanded thirty thousand recruits, to fill up the vacancies caused by furloughs and discharges, in order to complete this force to sixty-seven thousand men.

The minister of justice states, that impunity in the crimes of the seditious, triumphs through the tardiness and spirit of party which pervades the Tribunals. He demands the nomination of an assessor to examine whether the proposals of the judges, made by the council of state, are conformable to the rules laid down by the constitution.

The minister of the interior, represented that the plan of treason and revolt extends through all the provinces, and that without the vigorous arm of a patriotic and faithful magistracy, it would be impossible to stifle the plots already prepared. Hence a demand that he may be invested with certain extraordinary powers, to dismiss the subalterns of the law, without a previous trial, and arrest all the others suspected of conspiring.

This is a frightful picture, but would it not be still worse to conceal the truth? It is from such a course that princes often perish, while free states are saved.

To me, it appears that the minister of the interior asks too much, and the minister of war too little. The latter does not foresee the storm which threatens Spain from without, and he is apparently unaware that the Congress of Verona has proclaimed a crusade against Spain, which, had it not been for the obstacles opposed by the revolutions in Italy, would have been already intimated at Laybach in 1820. The more prudent portion of the Liberals, expected that besides the thirty thousand recruits, the minister of war would have proposed the formation of an army of reserve: they are even astonished to see how he sleeps on the brink of such a precipice: while they feel a sentiment of disgust at his having broken his faith towards Ballesteros. It is said, that the Grand Orient to which the minister is unfortunately so nearly allied, has forced him to violate the promise he made, from a fear that in conferring the command of an army on a *Comunero*, he

might take advantage of it, to give the ascendancy to his own party over the Masons. If this be the case, the discord of these two parties cannot fail to be ruinous to the liberties of Spain. The minister of the interior, on the contrary, demands too much. An army is useful against external and internal enemies, but extraordinary powers, which are synonymous to arbitrary rule, might become injurious to freedom at home. And has the minister sufficient strength to wield the club he demands? I think not.

October 12th.—I transcribe the following paragraph from a letter, which an English liberal has sent me: "Tell your Spanish friends, that they are in error, if they imagine that the death of Castlereagh has put an end to the continental despotism. Canning, who succeeds him, is a man of talent; but this was the very reason why I preferred his predecessor; for I would rather have a feeble and passionate enemy, than one who is gifted with superior intellect and stratagem. Canning will follow the steps of the late minister, though perhaps by a covert way, but directed to the same end. It is needless for

me to repeat an old and well known adage, 'that in aristocratical governments, like ours, public men die while the system always remains the same.' Let not the Spaniards therefore place the smallest reliance on the magnanimity of England. We have a lion in our arms, but a wolf would be perhaps much more appropriate, and yet, we ought not only to be anxious for the liberties of all nations, but should co-operate in their attainment. However, as you must have seen, the love of our neighbours is frequently opposed to the love we bear ourselves: and our government is not a very rigid observer of the gospel. Our nobles are like the ancient patricians of Rome, they like liberty for themselves, and slavery for all the rest of the world."

October 6th.—The debates of the Cortes, on the extraordinary powers demanded by the minister of the interior, have commenced. Augustin Arguelles, at the head of sixty deputies, defends the sacred ground of the constitution, step by step. I do not know whether it be the love of opposition or liberty, that prevails with this individual; at all

events, he defends the integrity of the constitution, combatting to prevent a breach by which the friends of freedom might enter to-day, and its oppressors to-morrow.

Galiano, who heads sixty-five members, supports the demands of the minister, and repeats that figure of speech so often fatal to liberty, "that there are some periods of calamity, during which it becomes necessary to throw a veil over the statue of the goddess." There are certain words used in revolutions, which have, I know not why, an extraordinary influence, and do more mischief than the greatest enemies. It is even now easy to foresee, that the victory will be in favour of the ministerial party. But on the other hand, there is no difficulty in predicting, that an act which has only a majority of five in its favour, will not exercise a great moral force.

October 18th.—I found Ballesteros at home this morning, and burning with rage against the ministry. He loudly complained of the offence committed by the ministers against

the integrity of the council of state, of which he is a member, by the nomination of an assessor over the candidates presented by the council, to be judges in the Tribunals. But the secret motive is more powerful. The cause of so much ire on his part, is perhaps occasioned by the deception of the ministry, with respect to conferring the command of the army of reserve on himself. He went on repeating, "These heroes of the Isle treat Spain like a conquest of their own, and ourselves like a handfull of passive slaves." I made every effort to appease this feeling of disdain, but five or six comuneros who surrounded him, were occupied in throwing coals on the fire, echoing the expressions of the general, and referring to arguments inseparable from their present feelings.

October 21st.—The spirit of knight errantry is not yet extinct in Spain: it has penetrated into the lowest classes, and continues to make great progress amongst those who are farthest removed from the vulgar. There is not a single Spaniard in existence, who does not consider himself worthy of being a field marshal. During the last six months, scarcely

a day has passed without the appearance of a new leader of the factious: but it is not some rich proprietor, a nobleman, or old military chief, that assumes the command of these bands, he is more generally an obscure individual of the people, whose boldness induces him to become the captain of his companions. Zaldivar, who infests Andalusia, was once a shepherd. Roja, who keeps Aragon in a state of terror, was a carrier of wood. Mosen Anton, an oil seller. Even Mina himself, whom the ministry has sent to destroy these traitorous chiefs, was originally a muleteer. Owing to his want of early instruction, a guerilla chief of Spain can seldom become a great general: his abilities consist in the management of small columns, his success in the rapidity of his movements, and his tactics in a perfect knowledge of the ground. Thus it is, that when out of his proper sphere, the guerilla loses his invincibility.

The profession of a partisan leader is exceedingly old among the Spaniards: it began to be their favourite occupation in 1302, when the King of Sicily dismissed the bands of Aragon and Catalonia, which had defended

that kingdom against the French for fifty years. Those soldiers of fortune, accustomed to live by chance, offered to serve the first sovereign who would pay them. Such is the origin of the above appellation, and of the *condottieri*, who continued to carry on war for various states of Italy during a period of two centuries. Thus it was too, that mercenaries were long only known by the name of Catalans.

November 7th.—The patriotic societies of Spain, die and revive like the Phoenix. The Fontana de Oro, which had been defunct for a whole year, has just appeared under the title of the Landaburian club. If the ministry does not know that popular tribunes generally convert themselves into batteries which produce little effect against the government, it has given a great proof of courage and confidence in its own strength, by suffering the renewal of this assembly. I fear however, that it acts with some presumption in the present case.

The honour of the first presidency was conferred on Romero Alpuente. Many of

the deputies of Cortes are inscribed among the orators. The eloquent Galiano is more powerful than ever from this tribune. Here, he has no rivals, nor does the fear of opposition check his enthusiasm; his imagination is therefore free to take its ample flight. It would be extremely difficult for a shorthand writer to follow this speaker, he was really quite dazzling last night, overflowing with the harmony of his impressive and splendid style.

Theatres, songs, newspapers, drums, fife and every other imaginable auxiliary are employed to inflame the patriotism of the people. Charles IX. and the Jean de Calas, of Chenier, are among the plays represented during the last few days. Who could have ever told Philip II. that the people who exulted with him at witnessing Autos de Fé, would one day shudder with horror at the ferocious superstition of Jean de Calas! or shout reiterated vivas in honour of the philosopher of Fernay! Alfieri's Philip II. has also been played. It is scarcely necessary to observe that Charles IX, and Philip II. were two very happy allusions. As to Philip

II. it is badly translated and worse represented ; yet the intelligence of the audience made up for the deficiency of the actors. Not a single hypocritical trait of the Austrian tyrant, not one of his ferocious scorings escaped their penetration. I must confess, that while present at this performance, I enjoyed and felt proud of being the countryman of a poet so highly appreciated in Spain. While in exile, illustrious fellow citizens are the most precious and valuable recommendations you can have ; your real family is the great men of your country. If you speak of your immediate relatives, it is generally received with a shrug of the shoulders, but when you say that Dante, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Michael Angelo were your countrymen, every body smiles on you and makes you welcome.

November 10th.—A tragedy entitled “Lanuza” was represented at the theatre de la Cruz last night. Even the name of Lanuza appears new, so easy is it to forget those whose efforts in favour of freedom have not been crowned with success.

Lanuza was a young Aragonese, who, in imitation of Padilla, wished to defend the rights of his fellow citizens against the tyranny of Philip II. and like him, he was vanquished more through treason than open force, by the modern Tiberius, and beheaded in Saragossa.

The author of the tragedy is a young deputy named Saavedra, who divides his time between poetry, love and liberty. He possesses all that is requisite to inspire both love and friendship: eyes black and penetrating; a scar on his breast, received during the late war; he is a poet in the style of Tibullus, a grandee of Spain by birth, and in his heart a Caius Gracchus! Young Saavedra is a lieutenant-general in the Spanish armies. I mention this circumstance, as it appears to be a privilege of the Spaniards that all their poets must also be soldiers, as in the case of Garcilasso, Ercilia, Calderon, and so many others.

I do not know why the author has chosen an event which proved unfavourable to liberty, in order to animate her defenders;

would it not be better to select more fortunate enterprises; such as those of Timoleon, the second Brutus, and Pelayo?

The tragedy of Lanuza is formed on a classic model like those of Cienfuegos and Quintana, but it is certainly inferior in merit to the Don Pelayo of the latter. The genius of Lope de Vega and Calderon are admired in Spain, but their extravagances are no longer imitated or esteemed. The Spanish stage has renounced a monstrous originality. In exchange for the innumerable plots and dialogues lent to the writers of France, it now receives and adopts the elegance and good taste of that country.

The play was not well performed: the rhymes hitherto used in Spanish tragedies, are too harmonious and sonorous, although they may be declaimed with simplicity. The actors hurry the recitation too much; they seem ignorant of the effect of judicious pauses and variety of action in declamation. All Spain deplores the death of Maiquiz: it is said that he was sublime in his art—and even superior to Talma! I believe this through

the duties imposed by hospitality, yet I cannot help feeling some surprise that such a transcendent actor should have left no school behind him, nor even a single disciple.

November 12th.—The treaty of alliance between Spain and Portugal, so long sighed for by all the sincere Liberals, is at length in progress. The jealousies and rivalry which have always prevailed between the two nations, are said to have manifested themselves during the first negotiations on this subject. Portugal began by asking for the restitution of Olivenza; to this Spain replied by a still more pressing one, to have Monte Video restored. It was the contention of two hucksters determined not to cede. The pretensions of the Portuguese ministry, however well founded, were ill-timed and ungenerous; to sell and bargain for aiding Spain at a moment when she is surrounded with so many enemies, is a calculation which could not do honour even to modern diplomacy: it is an usury totally unworthy of a liberal government. Besides, does not Portugal incur the same risk as Spain? Have its liberties and independence any other defence

than the Pyrenees? Until Portugal shall have organized a powerful national guard to act as the counterpoise of a standing army, it does not perhaps suit her to detach the greatest part of her regular troops, exposed as they continually are to corruption at home? But thanks to the firmness, activity, and liberal spirit of Colonel Freire de Andrade, the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires here, the question about Olivenza is set aside, and the principal difficulties removed, so that the treaty is now undergoing a discussion on easier terms, as well as with a due regard to reciprocal interests. I am a daily witness of Freire de Andrade's conduct, and I can therefore affirm, that if the treaty is not concluded, the blame can never be imputed to him.

November 20th.—Mina has begun to move in Catalonia. The factious fly at his approach as birds shun the hawk. He will make war like hunters who are coursing, and leave nothing in his rear. He has therefore laid siege to Castelfolli because it is the first object met with on his march.

It is a real act of madness on the part of

those who have put arms into the hands of the factious in Catalonia, Navarre, and other points. What treasures or happiness do they hope for from an absolute king, if they have never even seen the prince for whom they combat? These misguided beings are like the man who fought a duel on account of his preference of Ariosto over Tasso, and who when dying, confessed he had never read either.

I have frequently inquired of myself, what can be the motive of that idolatry which certain nations pay to absolute monarchs. It appears to me, as not being unlike that which induces them to love the saints, and venture in lottery; they hope for some great miracle in their favour from the former, and a prize in the latter; and from despotism, certain benefits which never arrive.

November 30th.—"The seven ministers are the seven sleepers," said an ultra-comunero to me this morning. "They have neither foresight, activity, nor vigour. Instead of keeping their eyes fixed on the proceedings

at Verona, they lose their time in listening to what is said about them in the Landaburian society. They forget the enemies of Spain, and only think of their own: if they sometimes throw off their indolence, and make any use of their strength, it is only for the purpose of persecuting my party. After all, what do the Comuneros want, but to deprive them of power which they do not know how to use; whereas, if the Holy Alliance enters Spain, it will destroy them. They treat us as the victorious bands of your country treated their vanquished adversaries in the days of the Italian Republics. They strip us of our employments, and exile us from the capital. If, while they persecute thus, we saw them preparing a formidable resistance against external invasion, we might then quietly suffer their animosity; but to see them allow the conspirators to remain unpunished, and the state without defence, merely to lay the whole weight of their power on us, this is really insupportable. You ought not therefore to be surprised, if, unable to vindicate ourselves by any other means, we should nightly hold forth from the tribune against such a ministry. We have

already put all the ministerial orators to flight; the field of battle is ours at the Landaburian society. We have formed an alliance with the editors of the *Zuriago*, which, to say the truth, is a real mad dog, which poisons all those he bites. This is, however, an alliance that we should have shunned at any other time. But the torpor of the ministers force us to recur to the most violent expedients, in order to awaken them from their lethargy. If Spain is to perish, we wish that it should at least one day be said, that the followers of Padilla left nothing untried to save her."

December 6th.—The treaty of alliance with Portugal draws near to its accomplishment. But what delays in an affair of such urgency; and how many difficulties when the course was so easy! Colonel Freire endures torture: he is placed between two ministers; one of whom is too old, and the other too young in diplomacy: one too cunning, and the other too diffident. It is very natural for the envoys of the Holy Alliance to look on that of Portugal with a jaundiced eye, and they even abstain from speaking to him;

but what is more singular, the Spanish minister of foreign affairs does not regard him as a brother. M. de San Miguel would do much better to keep his diffidence in reserve for the diplomatists, who are assembled at Verona.

England cannot look with much complacency on this treaty. No person has forgotten that Portugal was, not long ago, one of her colonies. I am at a loss to know whether the British minister here, is working to render the compact null. It is, however, very probable, that a disciple of Lavater would say, the general appearance of Sir William A'Court denotes confidence in his own powers to prevail here, while the expression of his countenance bears a great affinity to what is called machiavelism, by physiognomists. Be this as it may, as I am indulging in every unfavourable prognostic, I cannot help adding, that as Sir William attended the funeral of the Neapolitan constitution, he is not a very flattering augur for that of Spain.

December. 21st.—The treaty of alliance is at an end!—all the obstacles were removed,

every condition on either side agreed. The treaty was in fact, signed by the Portuguese envoy, and the Spanish minister. It was then laid before the council of state, which refused its approbation. The council of state waited with impatience for an opportunity of being revenged on the ministry, and has chosen this, to the irreparable injury of the liberal cause. Being unable to find the treaty unfavourable to Spain, some of the minor articles were thought objectionable, and it was sent back to the ministry with a tacit censure of their being deficient in foresight. The intercourse between Madrid and Lisbon is broken off, and Colonel Freire is recalled by his government, according to the usage in diplomacy, of sending new envoys to replace those whose missions have not had a happy issue.

In spite of this obstacle, if M. de San Miguel had possessed more political boldness, he ought to have presented the treaty for the sanction of the Cortés, as, according to the constitution, the note of the council of state is only admonitory. It must be confessed, that he has on this occasion, shewn an un-

pardonable degree of wavering and coldness M. de San Miguel may justly boast of his sincerity and firmness as a Liberal, but the genius and courage of a statesman are inferior, in him, to the difficulty of the times.

December 23rd.—"Mais du vieux Castillan, la lenteur ordinaire!"—opportunities occur every hour of applying this line of Voltaire. The minister at war has suffered five precious months to pass, without thinking of provisioning the fortresses, or organizing the army. He has, however, at length, ordered the purchase of sixty thousand muskets in England; it is not so much the purchase of these, as that of powder in London, which proves the exhausted state of Spain, and the inaptness of its rulers. Spain sends to England for powder, whilst most of the provinces teem with saltpetre! But why should I wonder at this fact, when I reflect that Spain, which ought to be the granary of Europe, is frequently indebted to Russia for corn to feed its scanty population.

December 24th.—I have passed my Christmas eve at the house of Ballesteros. The meet-

ings on this day are, in Spain, a family privilege. I am therefore the more grateful to the general for this delicate proof of his friendship. But that is not the object of my recollection. I would prefer consigning the courtesy of a friend to my heart, rather than a scrap of paper, if the following fact did not merit a place in my journal.

Towards the end of dinner, while the table was yet covered with the delicious wines of Andalusia, and the no less delicious fruits of Valencia and Aragon, the general received a note from his friend Romero Alpuente, in which the latter requested the loan of his captain general's uniform for the use of the theatre, which was to represent the *Seventh of July*, next day. Having retired to his study for a few minutes, the general returned and read the answer he thought the note required, to the company. It was addressed to Palarea, the political chief of Madrid, and couched in the following terms.

“I understand with surprise and sorrow,
 “ that the actors of *El Principe* intend to re-
 “ present the “ *Seventh of July* ” to-morrow

“ night, and to bring me forward as one of
 “ the principal personages. I consider such
 “ a representation not less indecorous than
 “ impolitic. All, even to our very enemies,
 “ admit, that the most envied act of the
 “ above day, was the generosity with which
 “ the victors conducted themselves. I am
 “ not of opinion that spectacles of this kind
 “ either tend to elevate or improve the
 “ people. The day of the Seventh of July
 “ belongs to history, and its recompense is
 “ with posterity. It is not the triumph, but
 “ the oblivion of such events, that lead to
 “ that conciliation which every good Spaniard
 “ must desire. I insist therefore, that you
 “ interfere your counsels and authority, in
 “ order that the proposed representation, of
 “ which I most highly disapprove, may not
 “ take place.”

I shall preserve this letter as a document
 to prove the moderation and fraternal senti-
 ments of the liberal party, to confront it, if
 necessary, on some future day, with the con-
 duct of the adverse faction.

January 1st, 1823.—I had never seen the

Count Abisbal, who with a repugnance which is still inexplicable, prevented the execution of the movement projected on the plain of Palma, in July, 1819, and which was carried into effect not long after by the hero of Las Cabezas. I was at the Landaburian society on the above night, where numbers had met to celebrate the anniversary of the Revolution, when an individual of tall stature and robust appearance entered the room, wrapt up in a large cloak. His bold aspect, like that of one accustomed to command, excited my curiosity, and I asked the person that sat next to me, who he was; he replied, it is General O'Donnel, Count Abisbal, who ought to have been the regenerator of Spain—our RIEGO, but he preferred being the betrayer of his friends to the liberator of his country. The present ministry have appointed him inspector general of infantry. He may be useful in this employment without danger to the cause, but it would be the height of imprudence to give him the command of an army. He is despised by the Comuneros, not one of whom salute or speak to him, and as you must have perceived, he came in totally unnoticed. But I doubt whether he

feels this as a punishment, since he has never set any value on public opinion. My neighbour had scarcely finished his remarks when Riego entered; and he had hardly passed the threshold, when a universal burst of plaudits resounded through the hall; this was followed by the most welcome salutations from all those who could approach the hero's person.

I am no longer surprised that Rome and Athens should have had such a number of orators in the days of their freedom; on the contrary, I am astonished that they had not more, when I reflect on the immense quantity which England has had in a single century of liberty: France in thirty years of political existence; Spain herself in only three, after rising from the tomb in which tyranny and the inquisition had kept her shut up for so many centuries. Even here, three years have been sufficient to produce a number of eloquent men, such as the two Arguelles, Count Toreno, Martinez de la Rosa, Galiano, Calatrava, and various others. But these speakers belong to the well educated and higher class of society. There are others, however, who under free governments, spring from the

lowest dregs of the people, those whom the supporters of despotism describe as rising to the surface of the waters when they are agitated.

Yet this mire, as it is called, contains many pearls, and often furnishes very extraordinary men to governments: one of these for example, is the blacksmith whom I heard make a speech from the tribune this very night. He is enrolled in the militia of Madrid, which distinguished itself so highly on the 7th of July, by its courage and intrepidity. Several orators had already insisted on the necessity of trying and punishing the conspirators of that day.

But the blacksmith, Hernandez, dressed in his militia-man's great coat, made a much greater impression than any other speaker, by the following plain observations, which I shall set down, while they are yet fresh in my memory.

“ The militia did not wish to lay down
“ their arms after the *seventh*, until justice
“ had been done. This was promised, while

“ we, docile to the voice of our magistrates,
 “ returned to our houses. I now ask, has
 “ this promise been performed? Up to the
 “ 7th of July, the municipality of Madrid
 “ conducted itself heroically---not so in the
 “ end. A comrade, who fought on that day
 “ at my side, was struck by a bullet and fell.
 “ He begged that I would avenge his death;
 “ I promised to do so : and have not I broken
 “ my word. The honorary badges and new
 “ colours are to be conferred on us after
 “ to-morrow, but we ought not to accept
 “ these recompenses. Our actions should be
 “ rewarded by the execution of justice. For
 “ my own part, when the decoration is offered
 “ to me, I shall say that the only premium
 “ I require, is the punishment of the guilty.
 “ The representatives of the nation and fathers
 “ of their country, who were to have been
 “ the first victims of our enemies, and who
 “ were already seeking an asylum or hiding-
 “ place, why do not they demand justice? If
 “ they do not, I must say that they are of no
 “ use, even to themselves. *Si no lo hacen,*
 “ *debere decir que no valen por si mismos*
 “ *siquiera.*”

This last sentence gave rise to an immediate buzz throughout the whole auditory, producing the effect of a sudden flash, which not only gives light but dazzles the eye.

January 4th.—The note of the French cabinet, ordering the Count de Lagarde, its ambassador, to demand his passport if the Spanish government does not act in conformity to the intimation of the Holy Alliance, appeared in *El Expectador* (the ministerial journal) of this morning. Who would believe that this act, perhaps the forerunner of highly important events, has not made the smallest impression on the public mind of Madrid? This betrays a degree of insensibility which I cannot but attribute rather to ignorance of existing danger than stoical intrepidity.

But the zealous friends of liberty perceive in this note an insidious declaration of war: they endeavour to conceal their uneasiness. There is, however, a great deal of bustle apparent amongst them, as well as much commentary and declamation.

Meanwhile, the agents of the ministry, I know not by what melancholy fatality, are trying to dissipate the effects which the above note may have produced. They even insinuate that it is a proof of fear and hesitation on the part of the French government; that the probabilities of war have greatly diminished within these few days; that the army of the Pyrenees is a mere scare-crow; that owing to the liberal notions with which it is imbued, it ought to be a greater object of fear to the Bourbons than to Spain, &c. I am really at a loss to conceive, what can thus blind a ministry so palpably, which in other respects, all know to be sincere and well-intentioned! On the other hand, the Serviles are dancing with joy, and regard the note of the French ministers as neither more nor less than a proclamation of the Holy Alliance to the factious of Spain.

I understand that a number of deputies are at this moment collected in the house of Señor Isturiz, and that they have all agreed, that the answer to the proposals of the Congress of Verona, ought to signify that—
“ There is no room for deliberating on them.”

January 5th.—The Expectador makes a childish comment on the French note, upon which jokes are passed, as lightly as if it were the answer to a theatrical critique. It appears then, that the ministry has not yet recovered from its blindness. It even continues to stigmatise all those who attempt to rouse it from its inconceivable apathy, as the promoters of anarchy and disorder. Yet is the following question heard in every quarter:—“What answer will the Cortes give to the pretensions of the Holy Alliance?”—To me, it is by no means difficult to foresee their answer.—The Holy Alliance has placed the Spanish government between infamy and war: and, after all, it does not require such very great heroism to accept a challenge.

There is, however, another question, which appears to be of much more difficult solution. “In the event of a French invasion, what part will *Juan Casa Parda*, that is to say, the Spanish people take?” Having proposed this problem to one of those men, for whom there are no illusions in this world; one who reduces honor, glory, virtue, every thing to weight and measure, who calculates all human

actions with the most scrupulous regard to arithmetic, he replied with an ironical smile —“ Do you imagine that *Juan Casa Parda* is “ unconquerable, as some of his adulators “ so often repeat? And yet, have the Phœ- “ nicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, “ Moors, and even the Houses of Austria “ and Bourbon reigned over him. The “ People of Spain are vain and egotistical, “ like every other people. The 2nd of May, “ 1808, was an impulse of national ven- “ geance which does them honor; but I, who “ witnessed the scene, can assure you, that “ it was very far from resembling your san- “ guinary Sicilian vespers. It cannot be “ denied, that *Juan Casa Parda* made many “ a great and generous sacrifice during the “ late war; but how often was it necessary, “ even during that war, to take his money “ and his children from him by main force. “ The *people* will always be the *people*; a mere “ flock, which carries him who seizes the whip, “ no matter who he is. If men of talent and “ firmness govern during the present struggle, “ the people of Spain will march in the path “ they point out. If on the contrary, the

“ Ultras of France assault Spain with the
 “ soldiers of the Republic and Napoleon,
 “ why, vice-versâ, cannot the Spanish govern-
 “ ment defend itself with the citizens of the
 “ *faith*, and absolute king ?”

January 6th.---The tenor of the notes of the Holy Alliance is known. The absurdity and insolence with which they abound, have wounded the self-love of the Spaniards. It required this monstrous extravagance to irritate the pride of a nation, whose excessive haughtiness is such, that it scarcely ever thinks itself insulted.

January 8th.---The ministers of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, transmitted the notes of their respective courts to the Spanish ministry yesterday. As these notes do not contain an explicit declaration of war, most persons still continue to think they are nothing but the rodomontade of three impotent despots, while the ministerial journals do not cease, with their habitual pedantry, to compare the congress of Verona to *Parturiunt Montes*. But the veil is pierced by many: to whom there is no longer any

mystery. To me, the war appears inevitable. Those who think in the same way, only perceive a new snare of the Holy Alliance in these notes, to lull the energy of the Spanish people, because they do not expressly menace war. They see in the mass of insults and calumnies with which the notes abound, the duplicity of a triumvirate, no longer restrained by honor or shame.

It was on the evening of a day so little cheering to Spaniards, that the British ambassador gave a ball to the diplomatic body, and the most aristocratical families of Madrid. This ominous and ill-timed act of an English minister, cannot well be regarded as an accidental circumstance.

There has been a Levee at Court this morning. Morillo, who had been arrested as a conspirator of the 7th of July, and then released, it is not yet known why, presented himself in a room where Palafox, Castaños, Ballesteros, the Marquis de Santa Cruz, and several others were, and with a bold and bragging air, said, that he had got fatter since he became a traitor. He observed soon

after, that he would not have taken up arms except under the orders of Ballesteros, of whom he professed himself the disciple in the art of war; "because," said he, "while under your orders, I could never be accused of treason. I knew you, and had served under your command during the late war, and I flatter myself that you always found in me, an obedient officer and a friend." This sentiment must have been dictated by a pure conscience, or proceeded from profound dissimulation. Public opinion has not yet pronounced its judgment on the conduct or sincerity of this officer. But he is a dangerous citizen, who leaves his country in doubt as to his real sentiments.

January 9th.—There is no tragedy indeed, no dramatic representation whatever, to be compared to the national drama of a people who deliberate on the question of peace or war. This day's sitting of the Cortes was the most sublime scene I ever beheld. It was announced yesterday, that the ministers were to present themselves before the Cortes, to read the notes of the Holy Alliance. The day had not yet dawned, when an immense

crowd besieged the doors of the edifice in which the meetings are held. But the ministers did not arrive till two in the afternoon. Their appearance was succeeded by that species of dead silence which always accompanies the anticipation of some great and solemn event. The debates and divisions which had on former occasions been manifested among the deputies created an alarm, lest some new conflict of opinion was about to arise on the present occasion. I confess that my own heart beat as if it had been placed between the honor and danger of a friend. But the minds of the Spanish auditory were suspended in the vacuity of those who await their sentence. What was their surprise on perceiving, that each deputy rose by a simultaneous movement, eagerly claiming the attention of the President to express the indignation produced in them, by the perusal of the notes they had just heard, and to propose and offer any sacrifice to the King, rather than pass under the yoke of the congress of Verona! The emotions of the auditory were still more powerful and affecting, when, by an involuntary movement, the two eloquent antagonists of the Cortes became reconciled to each

other. Their rivalry had long served as an aliment to the enemies of freedom, who, delighted in witnessing animosity and discord reign there. Arguelles was the first to give a pledge of friendship to Galiano, by declaring that if he had ever on former occasions differed in some points from his honorable colleague, now, however, that the question was the defence of their country and the constitution, he sincerely united himself to the latter heart and hand.

I once thought, and even said so in one of my letters from Spain, that Senor Arguelles seemed to be vacillating in his principles, and that he marched by a somewhat tortuous path. The above generous act convinced me, that I had been deceived by the too generally passionate language of party. Arguelles had been for two years an object of suspicion and calumny, but opposed no other weapon to his enemies than a disdainful silence. He waited quietly for a solemn occasion in which he could confound his accusers. Such self-possession, strength of mind, and greatness of soul, is only to be found among the republicans of Greece and Rome.

The President named the commission that was to prepare the address to Ferdinand ; and by virtue of his power, limited the number of orators who were to speak when it should be read to six. The sitting then closed amidst thunders of applause, during which the crowd were rushing forward to embrace Arguelles and Galiano, whom they insisted on putting into the same carriage.

January 11th.—If this day's sitting in Cortes was more tranquil than that of the ninth ; it was not less solemn or interesting. This is also another anniversary day for all constitutional states. The address of the Cortes, in which they declare themselves ready to make any sacrifice to sustain national independence and the constitution, was read. The style of the address is simple and concise. Galiano, who drew it up, has known how to temper his elegance and brilliancy according to the gravity of the subject.

The first speaker was Saavedra, who pronounced a violent philippic against the Congress of Verona, heightened by all the fire of

his youth and ardour of his imagination. Canga, Arguelles, and Ferrer, followed in the same strain. But the most complete and eloquent confutation of the notes was reserved for Agustin Arguelles. All the hearers, whether in the hall or the galleries, hung upon his lips, and seemed overjoyed at having regained this powerful advocate of liberty: it even seemed as if they wanted a return for that confidence and affection which his fellow-citizens had restored to him, from the rich fecundity of his eloquence. But the orator surpassed their hopes. In a speech which lasted two hours, he depicted the ingratitude and perfidy of the monarchs towards that Spain which had untied them from the triumphant car of Napoleon: he next dwelt on the treason and perjuries put in practice against Naples and Piedmont, pointing out the example of Italy as a beacon which fortune had raised amidst rocks and shoals to save Spain from shipwreck. The speaker then combatted the calumnies sent forth by diplomatists on the origin of the Spanish revolution, observing on this point,—
“ It is asserted in the notes, that the revolution of 1820 was the work only of a few

“ insubordinate battalions. How is it pos-
 “ sible to tell such bare-faced falsehoods be-
 “ fore the whole of Spain, when it is so well
 “ known that the troops under Riego were
 “ dispersed, at the time all the provinces rose,
 “ and with one voice proclaimed the constitu-
 “ tion of 1812? and were not all of us now
 “ present witnesses of the heroic contest
 “ between the provinces, which was discus-
 “ sed before the Cortes, for priority in that
 “ generous insurrection?” Every sentence
 was interrupted by loud plaudits. It may be
 added, that these applauses were excited by
 the mere force of his eloquence, since Senor
 Arguelles has none of those artificial orna-
 ments which are so often used to fascinate an
 auditory.

When silence was restored, Galiano rose,
 and after having passed a high eulogium
 on the preceding speaker, he delivered an
 energetic extempore speech on the pretended
 right of foreign intervention, giving the his-
 tory of the unprincipled invasions which had
 been veiled under the specious pretext of
 intervention, from the dismemberment of
 Poland downwards to our own time, and

described their mournful results. My attention was more particularly attracted by the following passage.—“ Previous to our political regeneration, Europe looked on the Spaniards with cruel derision as the sons of monks and the inquisition. And now that these same Spaniards aspire to the same degree of esteem which other Europeans enjoy, it is wished to exclude them from the path of civilization and knowledge!” Speaking afterwards of the resistance which Spain could oppose to an unjust aggression, he added, “ although the Spanish nation cannot be compared to its enemies in point of power, it has the advantage *de saber padecer*, of knowing how to suffer.”

The address was carried unanimously. In taking this resolution with so much calmness and dignity, the Cortes have given the sublime example that free nations never expire with dishonour; and that the independence and the rights of a people, cannot be confided to better hands than a national representation. The Cortes have done their duty. It now remains for the government to do the same.

The sitting terminated amidst the joyful acclamations of the populace; Arguelles and Galiano were followed to their houses in large crowds, and while I write, one of the ambulatory orchestras of the capital is striking up national hymns before the doors of the former.

January 12th.—All the journals have given the replies with which the minister San Miguel accompanied the passports demanded by the envoys of Austria, Prussia and Russia. These answers sting but they do not offend: they contain neither bombast nor bragging, two defects into which it is easy for the compatriots of Solis and Gongora to fall. The style in which they are conceived, is that with which an Englishman of spirit would reply to the insolence of a task-master. If fortune should declare against Spain in the present struggle, its public acts and correspondence with foreign cabinets, will at least be exempted from that ridicule which always tends to embitter adversity.

January 14th.—We have reached the middle of January, and it is only now that the ministry has determined to open a contract

for supplying great coats to the army. A ministry that cannot foresee winter in the autumn, is not likely to inspire much confidence. In spite, however, of the severity of the season, Mina and his soldiers, dressed in their summer uniforms and cotton pantaloons, have taken Castelfolli, defeated Eroles, put the Regency of the Faith to flight, and are now besieging La Seu de Urgel in the midst of snows and the icy winds of the Pyrenees. But Mina gives the example of suffering, and Spaniards are formed by nature to imitate him.

A paper of to-day, relates a fact which merits a distinct place in history rather than my humble memoranda. On the 6th instant, five thousand of the factious presented themselves before Saragossa, and summoned the commandant to surrender: but General Amar, with only four hundred men and a few hundred national guards, sallied forth to attack numbers so superior, and soon made them repent their temerity. The constitutional general closes his report, by observing that it is both flattering and glorious for him to have saved the capital of Aragon, on the very day

on which he reached his *eightieth year*.—This intrepid Octagenarian was once a viceroy in South America, and is the same officer who, in the war of 1793, charged six thousand French troops, and drove them before him at the head of three squadrons of the Farnese regiment, of which he was colonel.

The same paper expresses great surprise how the enemies of the constitution should be informed with such incredible rapidity of all the plans and movements of the troops and constitutional authorities. It asks what is the telegraph, who the aerial spirit that transmits all these things to the Faction? This necromancy is easily discovered—the confessional. The injury done to the cause of freedom by this religious police, from which it is impossible to conceal even thought, is incalculable.

January 16th.—The same column of the Faction that was repulsed from Saragossa, and very roughly handled afterwards by General Velasco, has now thrown itself into the province of Guadalajara, only fifteen leagues from Madrid. One of the chiefs of this band

is a Frenchman named Bessières, a notorious and perfidious renegado. This wretch intruded himself among the liberals of Barcelona last year. Accused of conspiring to found a republic in Spain, he was condemned to death, but his friends of the liberal party opposed the execution of the sentence by main force, liberated him from prison, and thus snatched him from the gallows, though at the risk of breaking through the laws and dishonouring themselves. As a return for this generosity, he now plunders and assassinates the liberals wherever they can be found !

The ministry begins to suffer the effects of its indolence. It has found it difficult to collect three thousand men to destroy a column that even menaces the capital. It is, for this purpose, constrained to withdraw troops from some of the provinces where they are already scarcely sufficient to maintain tranquillity. O'Daly, Captain General of Madrid, will have the command of this expedition by right ; and the militia, to whom the victory of the 7th of July has given a taste for war, have requested to form

a part. Government has limited the number allowed to march on the occasion to four hundred ; these are to be selected by drawing lots.

January 22nd.—I have seen O'Daly's division, amounting to nearly four thousand men, and destined to encounter the Factious, defile. The Empecinado and Brigadier General Plasencia are to command under the orders of O'Daly. The Empecinado was followed by the whole populace, anxious to have a full view of this modern hero, who, like the kings of Spain, has the privilege of saying *thou* to whoever speaks to him ; who fights in his shirt, and who defends the Spanish constitution like those crusaders of old, who defended the Christian religion without having ever read the Evangelists.

January 24th.—It is now eleven o'clock, and a report circulates that O'Daly has fallen back upon Torija, after losing above twenty of the Madrid militia. My heart misgives me, and presages some evil. To retreat before a body of the Factious could only be the effect of—defeat or cowardice. *Four o'clock.*—The

drums are beating to arms and the garrison is already out; *vivas* to the absolute King have been heard in the quarter of the city inhabited by the Duke del Infantado. The five hundred rebel guards, detained in the prisons, leap for joy, and considerable agitation prevails in the city.

What an effect will it have throughout Europe, when the news spread that the Fac-tious are only eleven leagues from Madrid ! It seems to be the destiny of Spain, that the people are to save the Government, instead of the Government saving the people. Ferdinand VII., the central junta of 1810, and the ministry of the 7th of July, were saved by popular enthusiasm.

January 25th.—My forebodings are verified. Official information has arrived, that O'Daly's division has been shamefully dispersed. The Empecinado was the only person who preserved the honor of the constitutional arms, or checked the progress of the enemy. The flight of the Bujalane regiment was the cause of this grand discomfiture and retreat. Abis-bal has set out at full gallop to collect the

remains of the divisions. All the secret societies are assembled and deliberating on the danger of the capital. The municipality of Madrid has represented to the ministers that Ballesteros is the only officer who possesses the confidence of the nation ; and that therefore the command of the division as well as the capital should be conferred on him. The Landaburian society is a volcano in eruption.

The friends of Ballesteros are rejoiced at this reverse. Not having boldness enough to put the ministry down, they hope it will now fall under its own ruins. It is really true, that the ministry only stands because no one will give it a violent jostle.

It has been often said, and under various circumstances, that Ballesteros inwardly conceals an unbounded ambition. But how can this accusation be sustained, if Ballesteros, so frequently placed in a situation to command events, has suffered them to command him ; if in 1810, when stripped of the command of the army in favour of Lord Wellington, he refused the offer made by that army, to

vindicate his wounded honor; if in 1815, while commanding two hundred thousand men, as minister at war, he suffered himself to be exiled by the king like a timid chamberlain; if in the revolution of Madrid on the 10th of March, 1820, when he might have been at the head of the Spanish Revolution, he allowed himself to be placed at the foot? Why, after the victory of the seventh of July, did he not give the law to the vanquished and victorious? And, at the present moment, why does he not destroy the ministry with a breath, for it only maintains its equilibrium until it be touched by some hand?

If Ballesteros had been imbued with the unconquerable passion for power and glory, he might, in 1815, have been a Wallenstein against the tyrant by whom he was persecuted; or, in 1820, the Washington of the country which loved him.

These facts induce me to believe, that Ballesteros has not the unbridled ambition attributed to him, or he does not possess the courage necessary to satisfy it. At all events,

I can attest, that, often as I brought before his eyes the possibility of becoming the military dictator of Spain, he never betrayed the smallest pleasure or symptom of acquiescence either in his words or countenance.

January 27th.—The agitation in Madrid continues. The ministry has dismissed O'Daly from the command and given it to Abisbal. But notwithstanding its having contrived to strengthen itself by the military reputation of this officer, who is inscribed on the list of its sect, it can no longer resist public opinion, and to avoid being overwhelmed, it is forced to yield to the force of the torrent. Thus forced to make a concession to the Comuneros, the ministers have in a fume of disdain requested the Cortes to place General Ballesteros at the disposition of the government, and to suspend the rule, which prevents counsellors of state from exercising any public office, with regard to his particular case. Arguelles, the steady defender of constitutional principles, even when necessity requires a momentary sacrifice of them, ob-

served, that, in free governments, we should consider prudent measures and not men; he therefore proposed, that the exception, now demanded, should not be circumscribed to Ballesteros alone, but extend to the whole council of state. This proposal has been adopted by the Cortes, so that the counsellors of state may be henceforward named to those situations to which the government may think them best adapted. In consequence of the above deliberation, Ballesteros was named general-in-chief of the troops in Madrid, at four in the afternoon.

January 28th. — The scene has totally changed. The Madrid of to-day is not the Madrid of yesterday. The storm has ceased, all is calm, and confidence is revived. The report of the defeat of Berihuega is contradicted, and the Factionous are no longer a subject of conversation. This sudden change is due to the name alone, and prompt measures of Ballesteros, who has had the address to employ a number of old generals for the defence of the capital. These officers, whether from a spirit of military aristocracy, or the

inattention of ministers, had not as yet been called upon to serve the new government.

If Bessières had entered Madrid last night, he would have found a splendid ball prepared in the house of the British ambassador; I say prepared, because from one motive or another, except a general and a marquis whom I shall not now name, there was not a single Spaniard present.

January 30th.—The band under Bessières is in full and precipitate retreat. Agreeably to the Guerilla system, it has divided into four or five divisions, each of which has taken a different route in order to form a junction afterwards at a given point. Ballesteros, conceiving his extraordinary command to be no longer necessary, resigned it into the hands of government this morning. The Comuneros have therefore only enjoyed a very ephemeral power. What further proof can be required of their moderation? It must really be confessed, that there has always been folly and exaggeration in the contests of parties. According to the Masons, the

Comuneros are jacobins, (but jacobins without guillotines !) while, according to the opinion of the Comuneros, the Masons are aristocrats, (but aristocrats without titles or money !)

February 4th.—The speech of Louis XVIII. on opening the Chamber of Deputies, leaves no doubt whatever as to war ; a hundred millions of francs, and a hundred thousand men, are destined to restore the inquisition, and to re-establish despotism in Spain. It is now that the Spanish ministry ought to repent of its incredulity.

I shall make no comment on the King of France's enterprize. The King of France follows his trade ; but that which has confounded every body, is to see the author of *Atala*, the *Genius of Christianity*, and the *Martyrs*, become Peter the Hermit to this nefarious crusade. Viscount Chateaubriand is not only faithless to his own glory, but to the religion he has so well defended. He had, with his poetical eloquence alone, revived in the hearts of Frenchmen that religion, which the revolution had almost entirely eradicated. But does he not now destroy his

own work in thus becoming the champion of the holy office? The little Marchioness de, in whose large and azure eyes is seen depicted the gentleness of her soul, threw a splendidly bound edition of "Atala," which used to travel with her, into the flames this morning, observing ;—" I repent having " so often shed tears at the seductive picture " of a benign, philanthropic and tolerant religion : the author has most cruelly deceived me. I never imagined that quackery " would have entered into the composition of " a book on religion."

Unfortunate events are always the arms of the opposition party. It was therefore natural that the Landaburian Society should attack the ministry during the last few days. Not knowing how to defend themselves with the weapons of reason, the ministers have had recourse to those of force. An order of the political chief has caused the club to be closed. It cannot be denied that the ministry has shown itself dexterous on this occasion. In order to throw a mask over such an arbitrary act, it is pretended that the pavement of the debating room threatened to give way ! Un-

willing therefore to see their enemies disappear some evening, they have ordered the house to be shut up until the floor is repaired.

Now that the society is dead, I will say, that while alive it made a great deal of noise, did no harm, and effected no good.

February 5th.—The minister at war has this day asked the Cortes for a decree to raise thirty thousand recruits to reinforce the regular army, and they have acceded to his demand. This step of the ministry would inspire confidence, if there were not so many proofs of its slowness and inertness in the execution of its measures. I am much afraid that the army of Spain will lose 80 per cent. like her *Vales Reales*. This opinion of mine is neither inopportune nor ill-founded. Captain Ballesteros presented an account of the effective provincial militia to his uncle the general, this morning. Pursuant to the law on the organization of the army of 1820, the disposable force of the provincial militia should amount to eighty-seven thousand men in time of war. What was the surprise and

indignation of the general, on his perceiving from this list, that instead of eighty-seven thousand men, there did not exist, nor could a greater number be put under arms, than fifteen thousand !

A deficiency in military force is not the only fatal consequence of inaction on the part of government. Another and most ominous presage begins to manifest itself. A new party has raised its head within these few days. Availing itself of the limited means of defence possessed by ministers, this party is going about declaiming, that Spain is not in a state to carry on war ; that the best way would be to capitulate with France, and introduce some reforms in the Constitution, and that on these conditions, she would desist from invasion, her pride being thus sufficiently appeased. In order to veil the baseness contained in this proposal, the new party adds, that the honor of Spain would remain immaculate, and its territory inviolate, if the reform was effected by the Spaniards themselves, and without foreign intervention. A party, which adopts such specious and attractive language, cannot

fail to make a number of proselytes very soon. It has been joined by the advocates of a second chamber, but it will soon be swelled up by all those who dread the evils of war, more than the national opprobrium; by the Serviles who will thus hide themselves under the mask of moderation; and finally, by all those who are dissatisfied with the present government.

This new faction, which weakens and divides public opinion at a moment when it ought to be more firm and united than ever, would neither have sprung up nor increased, if the government had placed itself in an attitude to repress French aggression at a proper time.

February 13th.—An important episode presents itself to public attention at this moment. I allude to the transfer of the government in case of war. The ministry has this day demanded the power to remove from the Cortes, so that the discussion will follow in a few days.

To all sincere Liberals, the necessity of

transferring the seat of government to a point of greater security, in the event of invasion, is self-evident. There is no army, and what is worse, no fortress to cover the capital. The post road from Irun to Madrid, is open to an excursion of cavalry. By a caprice of fortune, Ferdinand has become the Palladium of liberty ! This is but too true. The Liberals will have lost the game of chess, if they lose the king. The transfer of the government will be, notwithstanding, a difficult and delicate enterprize. In revolution every new incident is a new position, in which parties fortify themselves, and have to make resistance. The Serviles, and agents of the foreign cabinets, will not suffer so favorable an occasion to escape, without throwing new obstacles in the way of the government.

February 18th.—The removal of the government has been the subject of a more obstinate debate in the Cortes than was expected. It is not that some deputies dissented from a love of opposition, and still less through evil intentions; but many were shocked at the idea of betraying fear, where

the danger was so remote. Valdes, who has the reputation of being the most intrepid man in Spain, and who speaks rarely, though with a strong and satirical expression, decided the question in favour of the ministers by the following energetic observations.—“There is never any baseness,” said he, “in the precautions which are taken to secure the safety of our country. And though fear is not a virtue, it often becomes a duty. Even war is conducted with fear as an auxiliary. What are the ditches and palisades which surround a camp; what the sentinels, if not the effect of fear? and yet these precautions form a great part of the military science. Besides, if I am asked whether I am afraid that the government can be surprised in Madrid by the French, I will say, yes, and that we ought for this reason to select a place of greater security.” The generous apprehensions of this officer, who never showed any symptoms of fear before an enemy, dissipated those honorable scruples which had retained a number of deputies in a state of indecision.

Towards the end of the sitting, a member rose to move for the repeal of the power lately

given to government, relative to the employment of the counsellors of state, but reserving an exception in favor of Ballesteros. The motion was approved without the smallest opposition. The silence of Arguelles, who had before opposed the exclusive appointment of Ballesteros, the unexpected nature of the proposal, the lateness of the hour in which it was made, and the unanimous consent of the Cortes, all proved an extraordinary urgency. Events have however taken place so rapidly, that we shall not have long to wait for an explanation of the mystery.

I have to-day received another letter from my English correspondent, who, with the true sincerity of his party, thus expresses himself:—"There is no doubt but the British ministers will, at least *in words*, do their utmost to prevent the war against Spain. Their political interests oblige them to act the part of conciliators. They have two enemies,—the democracy of Spain, and the ambition of France. To them it is not convenient either that democracy should make any progress in Europe, nor that the French should conquer Spain. The war will infallibly lead to one of these results.

“ They ought therefore to adopt every possi-
 “ ble means of avoiding the war. But that,
 “ which would accomplish their object better
 “ than any other plan, would be the destruc-
 “ tion of the democracy in Spain, carried into
 “ effect by itself alone. Be on the alert
 “ therefore. The English ministry will se-
 “ cond any project that tends to change the
 “ Spanish constitution, in order to deprive
 “ France of every pretext for invading the
 “ Peninsula. Perhaps you think our minis-
 “ ters are immovable and do not act ; this
 “ would be grossly to deceive yourself. It is
 “ in the same way, in which the motions of
 “ the earth are imperceptible, that we cannot
 “ perceive those of colossal governments,
 “ which also act by the mere effect of their
 “ own impetus. In two words, the British
 “ Government is a friend to the indepen-
 “ dence of Spain, but an enemy to its
 “ liberty.”

February 19th.—This has been one of the
 most stormy days witnessed in Madrid since
 the re-establishment of the constitution.

The party, that wishes for a reform in the
 political code, has found an insuperable ob-

stacle in the firmness and inflexibility of the ministry. In order however to accomplish their object, it was necessary to put down the present ministers and substitute others more disposed to listen to the propositions of France and to propose an alteration of the code. It was therefore determined to select those counsellors of state who had always shewn themselves unfavorable to the constitution of 1812, and there was no difficulty in obtaining the consent of the king, who was glad to see an obstacle arise to prevent his quitting Madrid. The fall of the ministry was decided, and the project was seconded by the council of state, by the Serviles, by the agents of France, and perhaps even by those of England, each from different motives, and with various hopes of success. Every thing seemed to promise a happy issue to those, who had conspired in favor of the plan, when two unexpected circumstances destroyed the scheme. The revocation made by the Cortes yesterday of their previous decree, permitting the counsellors of state to fill public employments, left no room for the new ministry, which was already selected. Besides the praises, which the king bestowed on the minis-

ters in his speech of this morning in closing the Extraordinary Cortes, no longer enabled Ferdinand to remove those whom he had just been eulogizing.

In more tranquil times, a scheme thus frustrated by an incidental circumstance and rendered thenceforth indecorous would have been abandoned. But it being of more consequence to the enemies of liberty to excite disorder than to effect any other object, they have converted the project of reform into a boisterous tumult.

Until noon, the capital presented a gay and tranquil aspect. The Extraordinary Cortes had been closed with the usual pomp and ceremony: the ministers were rejoiced not less by the testimonies of confidence shewn them by the Cortes than by the encomiums of the king, when, about three o'clock, a report was circulated that Ferdinand had dismissed his ministers.

The astonishment, naturally arising from such a contradiction in the king's conduct, was universal. The first impression and im-

mediate result were a sentiment of indignation against a prince, who could leave the nation without a government just as it was menaced with foreign invasion, and strip a set of men of power, whom he had covered with praise but a few hours before. No sooner did the partizans of ministers hear of the commotion, than they turned it to their advantage, by exciting a popular movement. After rallying and collecting a large concourse of the people, they appeared before the Municipality and Royal Palace towards five o'clock; some demanded the continuance of the ministers, others a regency, while a still greater number expressed their hatred of the king, his family, and the Bourbons generally. Riego attempted to pacify the people from the balcony of the municipal palace, by asserting that after all, the constitution conceded the right of changing his ministers at will, to the king. But they did not listen to him with their usual deference, causing one of their own orators to answer, that the king might of course exercise his constitutional attributes, but not abuse them to the injury and peril of the state. The municipality, not guided by fear, but by their desire to

preserve Spain from anarchy, sent a deputation to Ferdinand, begging he would retain the ministers. Meanwhile, a large crowd, which had been for some hours huzzaing before the palace, suddenly rushed into the court yard, nor is it known how they happened not to invade the interior of the palace itself. There is no doubt but this multitude, which moved with the precision of a regiment, must have had regular leaders and a formal plan of attack. If the king had been prepared with a new ministry, to substitute at once for the present men, he might have sustained his right and dignity; but destitute of stratagem and courage, he ceded to the only counsellor he ever listens to in the hour of danger—fear. Ferdinand signed the decree which confirmed the ministers *ad interim* in their places, at ten o'clock. Notwithstanding this act, the people continued to inveigh and call for a regency. The king, who in moments of emergency, recollects his most generous friends, sent for Ballesteros, and with offers of favors and every species of flattery, succeeded in awakening, if not the love, at least the compassion of the general. He said that his motive for dismissing the

ministers was their want of respect towards his person. They had in the morning intimated to him that he must prepare for leaving Madrid, to which he replied, that he was ready to go when it became necessary, but that the moment had not yet arrived, which according to his opinion, ought to be that of the invasion. The conversation having become warm on this point, the ministers forgetting the respect which was due to him, went out of his closet singing the *Tragala*. Whilst Ferdinand was relating these circumstances, the council of state entered, and having heard the story, retired to consult on the king's statement. One of the ministers, Egea, who did not wish to contradict the king while he was speaking, did so before the council, and protested that there was no truth whatever in the ministers having lost sight of the respect due to his majesty.

February 20th.—The tumult had entirely ceased about two in the morning, but was renewed again this day at ten, before the municipal palace, but with a different object from that of yesterday, and conducted by very different parties.

Yesterday, the ministers availed themselves of the cry, of "Long live the Constitution," with the sole view of striking a panic into the mind of Ferdinand, who next to life, loves nothing in this world so much as power. But if the nomination of a regency at this moment would be the ruin of Spain, the mere proposal was a serious imprudence on the part of the ministry. Its enemies, perceiving the error thus committed, took advantage of it to confirm the calumny that the Liberals have no other object or desire than to deprive the king of his throne and life. A few hundreds of the mob, who are always at hand, were accordingly hired this morning, to call for the regency. So that the ministers had no other remedy but to disperse the rabble by open force and menaces.

February 25th.—The courtiers of Catherine II. thought they had built cities in the deserts of Russia, when they planted a pole and placed a label on it. It is thus that the Spanish ministers imagine they have created another army by naming General Ballesteros commander-in-chief of the second divi-

sion, which does not exist. Subtracting the garrisons of Santona, San Sebastian, and Pamplona, Ballesteros will not have more than two thousand men, to defend a line of above eighty leagues, from San Sebastian to Mequinenza, against eighty thousand French troops, which are expected to enter Spain daily. It is true, the ministry has placed the recruits, and duties of Guipuscoa, Navarre, and Arragon, at the general's disposal. But he has to raise men in a country which has been in a state of insurrection nearly a year, and to collect taxes in provinces desolated by civil war. Besides the above difficulties, there are not muskets to arm this future army, for those purchased in England have not yet arrived. All these obstacles had from the first induced Ballesteros to refuse a command, which might have compromised his military reputation. But at last, the love of his country prevailed, and he accepted it. He set out this morning for Saragossa, with ten thousand dollars in the military chest, a very doubtful credit in recruits and imposts, but with the greatest confidence in his own energy and fortunes.

Previously to mounting his fine cream-coloured charger, Ballesteros turned to the friends who were near him, and said, "France is a very
 " strange and restless neighbour. It is necessary to have the sword always in our hands to
 " meet her caprices. She is constantly wishing
 " to give Spain what Spain will not receive.
 " In the last century, she gave us Philip V.
 " whom a very large portion of us would not
 " recognise. In 1793, she wanted to give us
 " liberty at the point of the bayonet. In
 " 1808, she planted a new king in Madrid,
 " who cost us so much blood to expel him ;
 " and now she must impose the Inquisition
 " and despotism, which are no longer to our
 " taste."

In the frequent conversations which I have had with Ballesteros, during the last few days, I perceived that his interview with Ferdinand on the 19th, had left too deep an impression on his mind. It appears to me, that he had departed either with too much compassion for the king, or too much contempt for the ministry.

March 3rd.—The ordinary Cortes, which

were opened yesterday, have this day determined that, in the event of war, the government shall retire to Seville. That beautiful Seville then, which Philip V. said had been designed by nature to be the capital of Spain, will be its substitute for a time at least. The proselytes of the ministry applaud this removal, assimilating it to the defence made by Pelayo, in the mountains and caves of the Asturias. I hope with all my heart, that the success of this retreat may be like that which attended Don Pelayo, but that it may not be delayed quite so long.

March 13th,—The transporting of an Egyptian Pyramid would not cost more labour than the removal of the king's person. His resistance has found another excuse; whilst the Cortes were deliberating on the day most proper for his departure, they received the consultation of six physicians, the majority of whom gave it as their opinion, that owing to the gout, which still afflicts his majesty, it would be dangerous to expose him to so long a journey for these two months. The aid of such an uncertain science as that of medicine

came too late; besides there was not a single deputy who did not see in this consultation, the last effort at resistance. General Valdes, treating the opinion of the doctors with very little ceremony, as indeed military men generally do, observed, "*the pain of a great toe ought not to compromise the independence of a whole nation. When employed in my profession, I do not derive any pleasure from suffering cold and heat, the inclemency of the seasons, or hunger; but duty to our country must be fulfilled, and I repeat that I do not think myself more generous than the king.*"

After a short discussion, the day of departure was fixed for the 20th instant.

March 17th.—Notwithstanding the triumph of the 19th ultimo, the ministers knew that after the dialogue held on that day with Ferdinand, they could not continue in place. Their resignation was therefore sent in at the beginning of this month, and, consulting public opinion in the choice of their successors, they proposed Florez Estrada, Calatrava, General Torrijos, the political chief of Co-

runna, three of whom happened to be absent from the capital.

The ministers cannot, however, quit their posts, before they render an account of their administration to the Cortes. The latter being unwilling that the ministry should be left vacant in so difficult and perilous a moment, have this day resolved that the ministers shall not read their reports until the first sitting of the Cortes in Seville.

It is impossible to describe the fury and indignation of the Comuneros at seeing themselves once more the laughing stock of the Masons, and witnessing the ministry, which they fancied already safe in their grasp, after the shock they gave their adversaries on the 19th, vanish from their hands. They call the removal of the government a flight, and attribute it to cowardice; the expence occasioned by the transfer of the public offices, waste; and the ministry itself, a despotic heptarchy. Even Romero Alpuente

Venne in furore e matto
D'uom che si saggio era stimato in prima.

He has published a pamphlet, in which he endeavours to prove that the social compact is broken ; that the king is null ; and that insurrection against the government is legitimate.

The ministers, who always dreaded the Comuneros more than they dread France, have named Count Abisbal Captain-General of Madrid, and Commander-in-Chief of the third corps, about to be organized in the Castiles. They hope, with the aid of this resolute officer, to be able to check the fury of what they call a *deluded* and *visionary* party.

March 21st.—The pyramid is at last in motion. Ferdinand set out yesterday morning without a plaudit or a sigh. Madrid is resigned to this loss. It was accustomed to do without a king ever since 1808.

In former times, the Hosts who entertained the kings of Spain, used to preserve some links of an iron chain suspended at their doors, in commemoration of the hospitality thus afforded. It would have been impossible to invent a happier satire against despotism.

I would fain believe that this custom and the love for chains will have been lost together.

The king departed in good company; that is to say, with fifteen hundred national guards of Madrid, and as many more troops of the line. General Moscoso, who commands the escort, is a man of austere and inflexible character. He was imprisoned in 1814, merely on account of his *suspicious* silence. Some friends having advised him to visit the king, on the present occasion, he replied,—“ I was “ shut up by him in 1814, for my suspicious “ silence, *silencio sospechoso*. Now that I have “ the power and command in my hands, I “ will insult no one. I shall not see the “ king except in the exercise of my duty.”

I embraced Count Palma d'Ivrea yesterday morning, just as he was setting out with the grenadier company of the Madrid militia, in which he enrolled himself as a private a few days ago. The Count is stronger than destiny. This is the second proscription he has suffered for Italian liberty. He fled to France in 1799. Neither the recollection of

his vines which he used to visit daily at Ivrea, nor the love he bears for his wife and children, ever make him lose his equanimity of temper for a moment. He is a veteran in the principles of liberalism, and tried by adversity. Loaded with a musket and knapsack, and with a march of one hundred leagues before him, the Count, on taking leave, observed, between a smile and a frown :—“*The Ultras of Europe are coming to see me again. This is the second time they have made me take a similar walk in the same harness ; and yet they will afterwards expect me to forgive them, if the game should ever turn in my favor.*”

Madrid will be henceforth more tranquil. Journalists, Zurriagists, Anarchists, Royalists, all went off with the government ; so that Madrid now resembles a house freed from ghosts and hobgoblins, while the marshal visage of Abisbal is quite enough to ensure peace. It may be said that Count Abisbal is our garrison, because we have really but a very small force ; but what with reviews, military movements, and drums, Abisbal, who is full of stratagem, contrives to double it, like those armies which we see on the stage. If

this general did not suffer his predilection for treason to conquer him, he would be extremely useful to the cause of liberty. Amongst his other military qualifications, he possesses that of rapidly organising an army. But I must repeat, that his political faith is very doubtful. In 1819 he betrayed the Liberals, and the king in 1820. When he announced himself at the palace two years ago, as wishing to pay his respects, Ferdinand said to the chamberlain in waiting,—“*Dile que ya no tengo mas dinero ni honores para el.*” “Tell him that I have no more money nor honors for him.” The ministry justifies the choice it has made of Abisbal, by this last fact; knowing that despots neither forgive nor forget, they imagine that he will now be faithful to the constitutional banners. But the Comuneros already prognosticate that Spain will have one day to lament that her defence should have been entrusted to hands which had twice received the price of treason.

April 8th. PUERTO LAPICHE in LA MANCHA. I am not fond of living under a military dictatorship, were it even that of Wash-

ington. How much more disagreeable must it have been to live under that of Abisbal at Madrid? I therefore determined to abandon that capital, and take a turn in Andalusia, until the government is settled at Seville.

The inhabitants of La Mancha are not very warmly attached to the constitution, and perhaps without knowing why. There are as yet no Factions in this province, because owing to its being so level, they might be dispersed by a single squadron of cavalry. The people here are generally very poor : poverty engenders ignorance ; ignorance, superstition ; and superstition the love of slavery.

The manners and customs of La Mancha are precisely the same now, as those we see described in Don Quixote. From the days of Cervantes down to the present time, I do not think that one comfort has been invented, nor a single glass, knife, or fork, added to those which then existed. I do not even recollect having seen a looking glass in any of the barbers' shops. Thus it may be readily imagined that there are many thousand

Manchegas, who never saw their own faces, and would not recognise their portraits if shewn to them. But above all, the Inns described by Cervantes are exactly what they were. At night these Inns present a complete picture of the Flemish school. Travellers and carmen are all mixed up promiscuously before the large fire-place in the kitchen, while the whole party relates adventures of robbers and assassinations in greater abundance than was ever displayed in an English romance. Two female cooks, as phlegmatic as Dutch women, and as grave as priestesses, prepare the supper of each guest, according to the seniority of his arrival. This act of justice is administered with inexorable fidelity. The customers generally drink out of the same vessel, which goes round like the *Conch Jewel*, in the days of Ossian. About midnight, the floor is covered with the travellers, who being well wrapped up in their woollen cloaks, like the Chrysalis, stretch themselves to sleep on the ground. When daylight breaks, the whole of these living mummies resuscitate. The caravan is put in motion, and the delicate and frothing

chocolate is circulated between mules, cents, and the globular fumes of tobacco.

April 15th.—ENTREDICHO IN ANDALUSIA. The Andalusians are the French of Spain ; amiable, elegant, gay and volatile, as the following anecdote may serve to show. Whilst I was sitting outside the village, watching the approaching night-fall, the Alcalde, his secretary and the village preacher came up, and after a brief exordium, invited me to sup with them. The Alcalde asked me a number of questions about Italy, just as if it had been a *terra incognita* : the secretary was occupied in filling a glass with brandy ; this passed continually from one hand to another, and was sweetened by a toast to his neighbour. The commandant of the national guard sung the *Cachuela*, and was accompanied by the preacher on the guitar, while a tall and handsome Andalusian brunette eyed the dominican with the air of a Bacchante. Towards the end of supper, the room was invaded by all the youth of the village, who, attracted by the sound of the guitar, came to dance the *fandango*. This dance is executed

in the theatres of Paris with a voluptuous and effeminate grace. But the true Spaniard, with his high chest and proud gait, always preserves a martial air while dancing the *fandango*. The Spaniards are, in every respect, the least effeminate people of the south of Europe. Each female changed her partner four or five times, while she herself continued to dance, and when the *fandango* was ended, she gave the *pajo* or recompence. This consisted of a kiss, first to her partner, next to the guitar player, and a third to the singer of the couplet. When I returned to my caravan-sary, all the village was still kept awake by the numerous serenades, which the young men were giving to the prettiest and most amiable damsels of the village.

April 22nd. — Malaga. Who would not be in love with the sojourn of Malaga? a delightful climate; all the productions of the earth, from the acorn to the sugar cane; the tallest, slenderest and fairest women of Spain, with locks like gold This is the Island of Calypso. But that, which embellishes these hills, vineyards, flower and fruit trees, still more in my imagination, is their

similarity to the coast of Genoa. I am not fond of the sea, but on this occasion the sight of the Mediterranean makes my heart leap with joy. I figured to myself that it was but a few days before, that these same waves had kissed the incomparable shores of Italy. It is said, that man habituates himself to every thing: but I cannot accustom myself to exile. After nineteen years of exile Dante still complained, though, as it were, at the very doors of his country; though he lived at Ravenna not far from Florence: he respired the air of Italy, and heard the sound of his own language; but we are doomed to a much harder fate than that, which attended those, who were proscribed during the civil war of the middle ages. Venice received nearly all the vanquished within her bosom, whereas we have been driven a thousand miles away from the place of our birth and scenes of early life.

Within a few leagues from Malaga, there is a grotto near the sea, which I shall visit one of these days: it is called *la cueva del pros crito*, the proscribed's cave, and is said to have afforded shelter to the son of Marcus Crassus for several months, while he was pursued by his

enemies. It would seem as if destiny had assigned Spain as a refuge to the proscribed Italians of every age. Sertorius fled to this country from the persecution of the Roman senate. The sons of Pompey came here to combat against the tyranny of Cæsar. . . . I said destiny, but I ought rather to have said nature; because the same sky and climate make us love Spain more than any other country of Europe, while the roughness of the soil and mountainous nature of the country seem intended to be the perpetual asylum of liberty.

April 24th.—In spite of the doctors of Madrid, who drew up the consultation alluded to in a former page, the King arrived at Seville on the 12th instant, in florid health. The Cortes have renewed their sittings, and the ministers, after having read their reports, have given up the portfolios to their successors.

If even the result of the ensuing war were to turn out glorious and fortunate to Spain, it will be extremely difficult for the fallen ministry to justify its conduct.

No previous ministry assumed the reins of power with so much popular favor, or such an advantageous opinion in its behalf. Lopez Baños, already an officer of artillery, in addition to his having co-operated in the revolution of 1820, enjoyed the hope of being Commander-in-chief in Navarre, which place he filled soon after. Gasco had been a lawyer before the revolution, an active deputy in the first Cortes, a violent speaker, and volunteer in the militia; he was numbered among the most ardent of the liberal party. Badillo, a highly respectable advocate of Cadiz, also an ultra-liberal, had in the last Cortes courageously applauded and supported the revolt of Cadiz and Seville against the minister Felín. Navarro, who had once been a professor of law in Valencia, emigrated during the six years of despotism: formed at the school of misfortune and persecution, he was esteemed as the most enthusiastic jacobin of Spain. Capaz, one of the most expert officers in the navy, was also the oldest and most influential among the masons. San Miguel, a captain in the army, the companion of Riego in the revolution, a good writer, editor of the most prudent and least partial journal of the capi-

tal, appeared to unite in himself all the qualities of a minister of state in a new government leaning to democracy. Who therefore would not have confided the helm of the revolution to men, who could hope neither for celebrity nor safety, except through its prosperous issue?

But scarcely were they seated in the ministerial benches, than they appeared to be seized by a spell, showing the same torpor and drowsiness, of which their predecessors had been already accused. It might therefore be said of them, that they would have been thought worthy of the ministry if they had never been ministers.

Never could men or circumstances be more favorable to success, than when this ministry was named: but it did not know how to profit by either, and refused the cornucopia of fortune. So early as the end of August, it might have formed a camp of national guards, provided arms and ammunition, prepared an army of reserve, formed a close alliance with Portugal, &c. No obstacle whatever interposed to prevent these pre-

parations for war. Public spirit was highly animated; the Cortes ready to second whatever was demanded; and the first bankers of Paris and London competed with each other in offers of money. But the ministers suffered these fortunate moments of enthusiasm to pass by. They decreed the formation of armies, when the spirit of the people had become depressed, and they asked for loans when confidence was lost.

The liberty of the press alone can sometimes save a government. This is the Cassandra who predicts their disasters to nations. The press denounced all the errors committed by the ministry: the press pointed out all the rocks on which it was threatened to be wrecked; but its ears were constantly shut to these counsels, which it regarded as the effects of malevolence and resentment.

But the most fatal principle, which these ministers followed, was their wish to conduct the revolution by the aid of one party alone. Did they not know, that, although revolutions are often effected by a few, they cannot be sustained nor firmly established, except by

the great mass of the people? Instead of widening the circle of the revolution, this ministry restricted it to the hands of a few individuals. It also contracted all the defects of party; such as arrogance, selfishness, intolerance, and the monopoly of all public places. Masonry has given liberty to Spain, but with its ambition and domineering spirit, it has also inflicted wounds which will not be easily cured.

Had it been more dexterous and sagacious, it would not have fallen into a fatal credulity; blindly confiding in the mediation of England and in the boasting of the liberal party in France, it constantly hoped to avoid the war. The liberal party in France always despises its enemy too much, while it heaps too much adulation on its friends.

The ministry on which I have been called upon to offer these remarks, only displayed one solitary virtue,—an invincible firmness. But though this quality be a virtue in a private individual, it becomes a defect in public men, when, either through want of

foresight or carelessness, they expose their country to an unequal and perilous struggle.

The new ministry, which succeeds, does not give reason to hope for any better results than its predecessor. Calatrava, though endowed with eloquence and probity, is so habituated to the pacific studies of the closet, that he does not possess a sufficient experience of the world, nor the vigour required by the present eventful moment. Pardo, a frank Liberal and well informed diplomatist, enters the ministry too late. His knowledge and patriotism cannot henceforth be of any use to his country. Yandiola, who is better acquainted with the science of finance than his predecessors, and, above all, the theory of loans, also comes into power too late to revive credit, which had been already lost. Sanchez Salvador, who occupies the most important place, that of minister at war, cannot, either from age or interest, be a very warm advocate of the constitution. He was chief of the staff, when Riego commenced the Revolution, and was put under arrest at the headquarters in Arcos. Unable to hope either for

advancement or honors from the Revolution, it ought not to excite any astonishment, if he secretly cherished the desire of being revenged.

April 25th.—The French have passed the Bidassoa. They have entered Spain, after the manner of the Iroquois, without any previous declaration of war. But are eighty thousand men a sufficient number to conquer Spain? The journalists think, they have already gained the day, by repeating the saying of Louis XIV. that small armies are beaten in Spain, and large ones die of hunger. The old Spanish generals maintain, that an army of eighty thousand men is scarcely enough to form the line of the Ebro, and that if it is to be spread over the Peninsula, it would be like a river that loses itself in the sea. It would be a much greater comfort to me than the above dissertation, could I see these Andalusians seriously occupied in forming an army of reserve. It grieves me however to see, that they look at each other as if the end of the world were at hand, and that they rely on the Sierra Morena with as much security as if it were a second Thermopylæ. Up to

the present hour, they have not however cut a single trench in the gorge of Despeña Perros, nor even sent a battalion to occupy that important pass. It is true that General Villacampa is charged with the duty of organising a corps of reserve: but it is equally true on the other hand, that the recruits are neither armed nor clothed; that, owing to the want of arms, they are obliged to learn the exercise with sticks, and that they are frequently without rations. Yet, notwithstanding all this, these recruits go and return from their exercise every day, chaunting patriotic hymns!

April 30th.—ALHAMA. The inhabitants of this place are the nearest descendants of the Arabs in Spain; they were the last to be conquered by Ferdinand and Isabella. Amidst all the old romances, that, in which the decapitation of the Arab Alcaide, when he communicated the fall of Alhama to the King of Granada, is related, is the most celebrated. These Spaniards not only retain the brown tinge and large round black eyes of their ancestors, but also their fondness for labor and the agricultural arts. It must be confessed that

the soil generously recompenses their fatigues, rendering them from forty to sixty and even a hundred for one. There is not a single village of Mahometans left in Spain. It would seem, that nations change their religion with as much facility as a dynasty is changed.

The journey from Malaga to Alhama is very agreeable. The road is much frequented, and all the travellers, who are generally on horseback, exchange salutations with the greatest courtesy as they pass each other: they also often unite in caravans, conversing and putting their segars, thoughts, and provisions in communion. When they reach a public house on the road, a contest arises about who shall treat the party with aqua vitæ and white wine. Andalusian vanity never permits them to omit this act of politeness. How often during this journey have I recollected those *stages* in England, in which you travel twenty leagues without hearing so many words exchanged between twenty passengers! It is customary for the inhabitant of the south to speak, and for an Englishman to think.

The muleteer, with whom I travel, is a per-

sonage, who would make a distinguished figure in one of Walter Scott's novels. Salvador Parejo is an Andalusian, bold and tall, *before whom no man dare plant himself*; to use the language of his aged mother, as expressed to me this evening. Elegant in his attire, gay in his address, he is known to all the rural beauties of the villages through which we have passed. This handsome muleteer is not less noble than the descendants of the Godfreys, Rinaldos, and Tancreds, since he also descends from the Christians, who aided Ferdinand and Isabella in the conquest of Granada. It is on this account that there is a coat of arms over his door at Alhama. He fought a duel some years ago with his musket. The dispute arose between himself and another young man of the same village, relative to the limits of a field. Having met each other one day accidentally in the road to Granada, both leaped from their mules without saying a word, cocked their muskets, and fired at each other. Salvador was wounded in the arm, but his antagonist fell dead on the spot. The father of the deceased prosecuted Parejo, and expended nearly the whole of his patrimony in order

to purchase the revenge of his son's death from the judges. Hence arose an unjust imprisonment of five years for Salvador, who was set at liberty after the revolution. Grateful to the constitution, he says, that if the French advance now, he will place himself at the head of a Guerilla band. Whenever he sees me thoughtful and pensive, Salvador consoles me by these words:—"Whilst there is a mountain in Spain, there will be liberty."

May 3rd.—GRANADA. If Lord Byron had visited Granada, he would have composed poems still more beautiful than *Lara* or the *Corsair*. Here all is poetry, recollections, ruins, air, earth, and sky. A poet would find, in the history of the civil wars in Granada, new heroes, new loves, new customs, and new events, whilst invention is said to be exhausted in the rest of Europe; for, owing to frequent use, the colours of poetry have faded. These hills and valleys are so many unexplored mines of fresh and brilliant tints. What lady has not read the *Gonzalez de Cordova* of *Florian* with pleasure? And yet *Florian* neither paints the actors nor the times of that age with fidelity;

while, instead of ingrafting the episodes of the fabulous histories of the Moors into his poem, he has preferred re-producing those of Virgil and Tasso.

The city is placed on the summit of three hills between two rivers, of which one yields sand of gold, and the other of silver. It is covered on the eastern side by the *Sierra Nevada*, whose perennial and refreshing gales temper the heats of summer. When the brow of this mountain, covered with eternal snows, is illumined by the sun, it looks like a sparkling crown of silver. One of the most fertile plains in the world extends for more than eight leagues before the city. Granada is precisely the same as it was when inhabited by the Moors. The streets, public squares, and gates, retain the old names. If the Zegrís and Abenzerages were to revisit the earth once more, they would find their own houses, and might even renew their tilting matches in the square of Vivarambla.

But the Alhambra, the ancient palace of the Moors, which, for its magnificent elegance, has a right to immortality, is now crumbling

and exposed to the combined injuries of the winds and rain. It will perhaps be a heap of ruins in a few years. The kings of Spain suffer this grand edifice to decay with the same indifference that they allow their monarchy to perish. But nothing can exceed the elegance, lightness and variety of the designs and ornaments, which are seen in the Alhambra. A German artist of Nuremberg, or a lace-worker of Ghent, could not cut intaglios nor knit lace with more finish and delicacy, than those which are seen in the entablatures and cornices. The hall of lions, and above all, that in which the Moorish kings received ambassadors, and caused the Koran to be read, are of such singular beauty, as could alone be imagined by an oriental poet under the influence of the fumes of opium. *

Close to the Alhambra, Charles V. caused a palace of modern architecture to be raised, but abandoned it before half the edifice was completed, like his universal monarchy: even this is a monument of the envy which devoured the emperor. In the same way in which he made himself a general, through the envy

he bore towards the valor of Francis I. this palace was erected to rival the riches and power of the Moorish kings. In fact, the Alhambra, and this modern building seem placed together for the express purpose of establishing a parallel between the power and arts of the Arabs, and the power and progress of the fine arts under Charles V. The palace of Charles, with its marbles and bas reliefs, represents the Colossal dimensions of his empire, and the perfection of art in the sixteenth century ; whereas the Alhambra exhibits the theatrical ostentation of the orientals. The Façade of the Alhambra is nothing more than a plain wall. Such a rustic exterior shows the jealousy and unsociable qualities of the east. On the other hand, the superb front of the emperor's palace denotes in its festoons, medallions, and columns, the courtesy of civilized nations. Our Italian palaces seem indeed to invite the passengers to enter.

The mausoleum of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada, is seen in one of the chapels of the Cathedral. The artist has represented them stretched by each other's

side, with their heads resting on a pillow, in such a manner, that they seem to be hearing mass in bed. Devotees do not however notice this indecorous position, any more than the fact of their venerating the memory of two sovereigns, who were the butchers of their ancestors. This curious association made me reflect on the great events produced by the fortuitous marriage of Isabella and Ferdinand. This marriage led in fact to the destruction of the powerful monarchy of the Moors, the establishment of the inquisition, and the discovery of America!

May 18th.—MALAGA.—“The French have entered Madrid!”—was the exclamation of all those who were seated in the fine promenade of the *Alameda* this morning, when the above news arrived. “So much the better,” said Captain *****. “So much the worse,” replied Count F *****.

Captain,—“I am in this respect a greater
 “optimist than Pangloss in *Candide*. Let the
 “French spread themselves, they will only
 “become the weaker; they are running to-

“wards a precipice: they died of cold in
 “Russia, and are come to die of heat in
 “Spain.”

Count—“For my part, I follow the opi-
 “nion of Machiavelli, that we ought to be
 “mistrustful when we see an enemy commit
 “a great error. The disasters of the French
 “in Russia are fresh in our recollection.
 “They are very crafty:—one lesson is enough
 “for them.”

Captain—“That may be, but have we not
 “twenty thousand men in Andalusia?”

Count—“And why does not the govern-
 “ment collect them; why does it still delay
 “the formation of an army of reserve?
 “Perhaps it has the horn of Astolfo in its
 “pocket, to put the French to flight, when, in
 “about fifteen days from the present time,
 “they present themselves in the Sierra
 “Morena?”

Captain—“The government is not to
 “blame in this matter. The organisation of

“ the army belongs to General Villacampa ;
 “ this officer is a man of firmness, as his
 “ countenance indicates.”

Count—“ I have never looked upon Villa-
 “ campa to be fit for any thing higher than a
 “ drum-major : I will even say more, he is a
 “ poltroon before the enemy, and grant Hea-
 “ ven that he may not be now a traitor !
 “ Why does not he collect the recruits who
 “ are dispersed in Malaga, Jaen, Granada,
 “ Seville, Cordova, and other points ? Why
 “ not occupy the pass of Despeña Perros ?
 “ What is the reason he has not formed a
 “ corps of those national guards who are
 “ anxious to fight for the independence of
 “ their country ? His inaction is already
 “ most criminal. If the government pos-
 “ sessed a particle of vigor, it would have
 “ ere this punished his apathy and negli-
 “ gence.”

This dialogue would have continued, if a
 third speaker had not brought intelligence
 that the political chief had, a moment before,
 received a secret despatch from Madrid, a
 copy of which had been sent to all the prin-

cipal authorities in the provinces. A thousand conjectures were made to divine this enigma. Our curiosity was at its height: some hoped while others feared, when the beautiful little Countess de * * * * observed, " Good news are never concealed. I foresee " some disaster. This despatch is Pandora's " box for me. My hand would tremble in " opening it. Would that to-morrow were " come, in order that I might be relieved " from such painful doubts !"

May 19th.—The beautiful Countess was but too true a prophetess. Yesterday's despatch contained a dreadful piece of news: Abisbal has betrayed his country; and this is the reason why the French have advanced so boldly to Madrid. An infamous Spaniard offered them his hand. On approaching the invading enemy he proposed the abandonment of the Cortes, and the establishment of a new government to his army. The proposition was rejected with indignation by the whole corps, and the traitor was deserted even by his own aid-de-camps, who fled from him with horror and disdain. But this treason, together with the mistrust and discouragement,

ment that followed in its train, has caused the disbanding of a corps which had already amounted to thirteen thousand men; the zeal of the officers being unable to unite more than a few thousand.

It must be confessed that Abisbal has an immense attachment to dishonor. The government had afforded him the means of washing out the stains of his past iniquities by a glorious war. He had by his intelligence and activity created an army of 13,000 men out of chaos.—This would have been no trifling merit, if his activity had not been employed to facilitate his own treason.

The selling our country to foreign foes is a crime so enormous in my eyes, that the death of Count Ugolino, in the immortal epic of Dante, does not inspire me with half so much horror.

May 25th.—CADIZ. The national guards of Cadiz have been reviewed to day. This Corps might be put in competition with the best disciplined troops in Europe. But discord has spread its venom even amongst

them. A battalion, composed entirely of Comuneros, was on the point of coming to blows with the regiment of San Marcial commanded by masonic officers about two months ago. It was disbanded by government, so that the national guard of Cadiz does not now exceed four thousand men. Up to the present hour, there is no appearance whatever of any preparations for defence here. The Trocadero, fortifications of the Isla, and the walls of Cadiz itself, are in a state of complete abandonment, nor is there one gun-boat ready. There are several hundred cannon and mortars on the esplanade of Santa Catalina, but not a single carriage nor other implement for using them to be seen.

In spite of all this, the population betrays no sign whatever of fear: alone it is prepared to encounter all the disasters of a siege. The French Squadron is already in sight, and the inhabitants seem to regard the object with as much pleasure as if they were looking at it through a magic lanthorn. It may be said that this is a bomb-proof population. As to the seducing *Gaditanas*, they seem to be so many *Clorindas*. I never saw any women

so gentle and yet so intrepid. The Greeks were right in awarding premiums to beauty. Beauty is a stranger to fear, because it is accustomed to conquer. I know several ladies who demand it as a favor from government, that their sons and brothers may be placed in the rank of combatants.

June 2nd.—All the liberals are flocking here from the invaded provinces. The crowd in the square of St. Antonia continues till two in the morning. Neither the Tivoli of Paris nor the Vauxhall of London are half so gay or brilliant.

June 3rd.—Disasters accumulate daily. The Portuguese constitution has been destroyed by a sudden insurrection of the army. The liberty of Portugal has perished by the hands of the Janissaries like an eastern despot. The Cortes are already dissolved: they have fallen without the honors of a defence; this arises solely from their not having in the course of three years known how to organise a national guard, the only incorruptible protector of liberty. The king has foresworn

the constitution and re-assumed absolute power, thus adding a new perjury to the number which already dishonour our age.

Those of the reigning monarchs, who, from the height of their thrones, trample on the solemn oaths they had sworn to observe in the face of God and man, effect the most terrible of all revolutions, that of morals. They destroy, as it were, even the religion of Atheists. And how can they expect fidelity from their subjects, if they give them a solemn and deliberate example of perjury? According to this system, we shall soon have an age more abandoned and profligate than that of Duke Valentino.

Though painful to confess, yet it is not the less true, that the Serviles possess all that activity of which the Liberals are so much in want. Accident, and not vigilance, has led to the discovery of another conspiracy at Seville, for the purpose of carrying off Ferdinand from the palace, and consigning him to the French. The plot has failed, and the king is inviolable; so that the actors in this

affair will go unpunished, like those of so many preceding conspiracies. While in the act of discovering the plot, news arrived that the French were coming down into Andalusia from La Mancha and Estremadura ; there was, therefore, no other course left for the government, than to shut itself up in Cadiz. This resolution being communicated to the King, he would not consent to it, displaying a degree of firmness very unusual in him. His reply to those who urged compliance with the wish of the Ministers and Cortes, was, "*that he never would leave Seville as King of Spain.*" It therefore became necessary to convert him into a simple citizen ; and the time arrived yesterday for declaring him incapable of reigning. A king, who would give himself and his government up to the enemy, is both a fool and a traitor. The Cortes have therefore adopted the extreme, but constitutional act, of declaring the momentary incapacity of the King. Galiano was the first to propose a Regency, whose authority was to cease on their reaching Cadiz, if Ferdinand thought proper to resume his authority. Arguelles seconded the motion, and all the deputies approved of it, except five, who con-

trived to quit the Hall just as the voting commenced.

The whole convoy of the government is now on its way, so that in two or three days from this, we shall have nine or ten thousand additional guests in Cadiz.

June 15th.—The King and Royal Family entered Cadiz this afternoon, amidst an immense concourse of the people, but who were quite indifferent to this new spectacle. Scarcely had the Cortes arrived, when they hastened to entreat that Ferdinand would resume the regal dignity. He did not hesitate a moment. The passion for power and command is so deep rooted in Ferdinand VII. that it would not allow him to reflect, that by refusing the sceptre which had been torn from his hands, he must have excited greater sympathy in his favour, and more odium against the constitutional government.—“Well,” says the beautiful Countess De**** in a letter from Malaga, “your modern Helen is expected at Cadiz. Really the King of Spain in the hands of the Liberals seems to me like the *Gabrina* of Ariosto, whom the

knight who carried her on his crupper was obliged to defend in spite of himself. Alas, poor Spain ! to have so many arms to defend her, but not a single head !"

June 20th.—Owing to the maintenance of order and an apparent gravity, the government managed to conceal its errors and weakness until its arrival at Seville. But the disorder in which it departed from Seville, more resembling a discomfiture than a retreat, completely exposed its improvidence and inefficiency. Many persons holding places of trust, several officers of high rank, and even counsellors of state, abandoned the ministry in their adverse fortune, on the plea that the nomination of a Regency was an act of violence done to the King. These remained at Seville to solicit favor from the enemies of their country. Is it the fear of the bombs that induced them to remain among the French ? and yet the Secretary of Legation to the United States has followed the government, and is now amongst us. It must be allowed that the representative of America seems to have more courage than that of

England, or more sympathy for the Constitutional Spaniards.

June 28th.—The ministry has named Riego second in command to the army of Ballesteros. This appointment seems like a piece of irony. How can Riego ever join the army of Ballesteros, except through the French ships by sea, or the Faction by land? Besides, it is well known there is not much sympathy between him and that general; and what a paltry figure would Riego make, when subject to an officer who does not leave a particle of power in the hands of any person under him, and who commands like a vizier? In such an expedition as this, the probabilities are, that Riego would either lose his honor, or uselessly sacrifice his life. He has therefore refused to accept the offer, and he has done well. Instead of this, he has asked the ministry to place him at the head of two thousand men, to scour Andalusia, collect all the national militia around him, and revive the attachment to the constitution and country. This request, so opportune and useful, so well adapted to the enterprising

genius and enthusiasm of Riego, was rejected by the minister at war with derision.

I shall henceforth entertain no doubt that the splendor of Riego's fame has for a long time been offensive to his friends. The applauses so profusely bestowed on his name, have wounded their vanity. The companions of his dangers and fortune, they cannot bear that all the glory of the revolution should rest almost exclusively with him. When in January last, Riego offered the grant assigned to him by the Cortes, to form a corps of volunteers under his command, he was even then met with a refusal. Not even a single minister, nor deputy of his party, seconded him. It would therefore appear, that after having availed themselves of his influence up to the 7th of July, in order to reach the summit of power, they afterwards studied how to extinguish the popular enthusiasm in his favor.

Riego, who has an overflowing heart, cannot conceal his impatience. Repose, and the forgetfulness of government torment him.

Riego acts from feeling and the impulses of a generous soul; he will not remain in Cadiz an idle spectator of his country's fall. It is easy to foresee that he will fly from it one of these days, and, like another Decius, throw himself among the ranks of the enemy.

July 7th.—Ballesteros is at Granada! Every body was communicating this joyful news to-day. But the Comuneros exult at it above all others, and they now hope the moment of vengeance is near.

After having entered Valencia, Molitor followed Ballesteros; but the latter has gained several marches on him in the retreat. He is now menacing Cordova, and may force the French to raise the siege of Cadiz. This enterprize would be worthy of the bold character of Ballesteros. The Comuneros give themselves up to the most flattering hopes. They already fancy that the victory is theirs, that their rivals will be abased, and the power all their own. Romero Alpuente, Moreno Guerra, and several more of their

leaders, have already quitted Cadiz to join the army of Ballesteros.

The deliverance of Cadiz would certainly give a powerful preponderance to the Comu-neros over their rivals, and might be the salvation of Spain. A fortunate event, or one glorious action, would be sufficient to revive enthusiasm among the Spaniards. Of constancy, they have already an abundant share. If the siege were raised, the ten thousand men, who form the garrison of Cadiz and the Isla, would be free to act in Andalusia, and form a numerous army with the dispersed recruits. Every thing depends on the courage and good fortune of Ballesteros.

The above is the last recollection I shall write on the events of Spain. To-morrow I embark for England, my health, debilitated by a long and tedious fever, requires to be restored under a less ardent climate than that of Andalusia.

May the land, which has afforded me a fraternal hospitality for two years, triumph over the foreign enemies that assail it, and after so many centuries of mourning and chains, may it be finally settled under a government more consonant to the dignity of man !

POSTSCRIPT.

ALTHOUGH the catastrophe of Spain has deceived all our calculations and hopes, all is not therefore lost. After a wreck, the fragments at least remain. The following are, in my humble opinion, the relics we have left from a loss which is really immense !

First. The field of battle has remained in the power of the enemy. But is the grand question between nations and their sovereigns decided on this account ? Though Cadiz has fallen, is it less true that the sovereignty rests with all and not with one alone ? that all have a right to confide their interests to a national representation ? that if individual liberty and security of property are not guaranteed by inviolable institutions, the social compact is broken, and man returns to his natural state ? War is not a *judgment of God*, it is

not one of those duels practised by the barbarians of feudal times, in which the result decided the justice of a cause. War destroys men, but not principles. Despotism has triumphed in Spain, but the imprescriptible rights of nations survive that evanescent triumph. The despots have once more seized the sceptre of iron, but up to the day of revolt, the nations have a right to tell their tyrants "*strike but hear !*"

Secondly. Has all Spain branded itself with baseness and treason, and amongst the rest, the army of Mina and the Cortes? The Cortes have preserved their honor unimpeached and unimpeachable. The Cortes always kept within the limits fixed by the constitution. They showed themselves intrepid in the midst of menaces, and when danger arrived, they clothed the ministry with all the power necessary to save the country. They neither participated in, nor are they responsible for, the errors of the ministry. Neither were they accomplices in the cowardice which opened the gates of Cadiz to the enemy. The enemies of freedom have

tried to calumniate and involve them in the general dishonor, because it is their interest to vilify the constitutional system in the eyes of Europe. But facts are in favor of the Cortes, and they confute calumny. The authentic narrative of two of its members, Ruiz de la Vega and Oliver, has placed the firmness and sincerity of the Cortes in the clearest possible light, while it confirms public esteem in their favor. Liberty dies, but it rises again. It is the only thing that enjoys the privilege of the metempsychosis. It died in France in 1800; but rose in Spain in 1823. It has died this year in Spain, and will rise

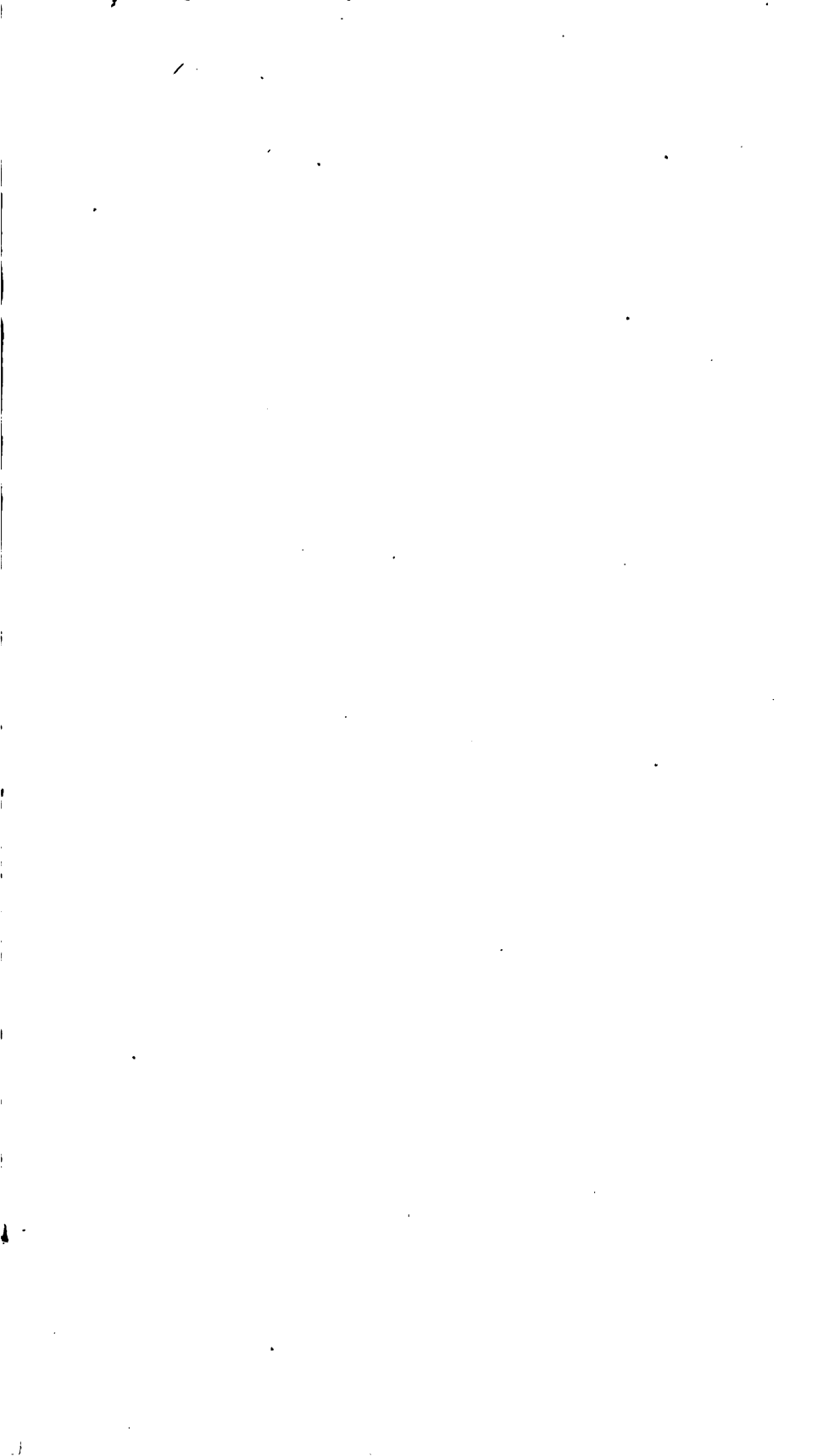
But what will Ferdinand do with the creditors of the state; the purchasers of national domains; the secularized monks and nuns; forty thousand Comuneros; fifty thousand constitutional soldiers, and eighty thousand national militia? Notwithstanding the good intentions of his confessor and minister Don Victor Saez, he will be somewhat puzzled to convert all these into an Auto da Fé!

THE END.

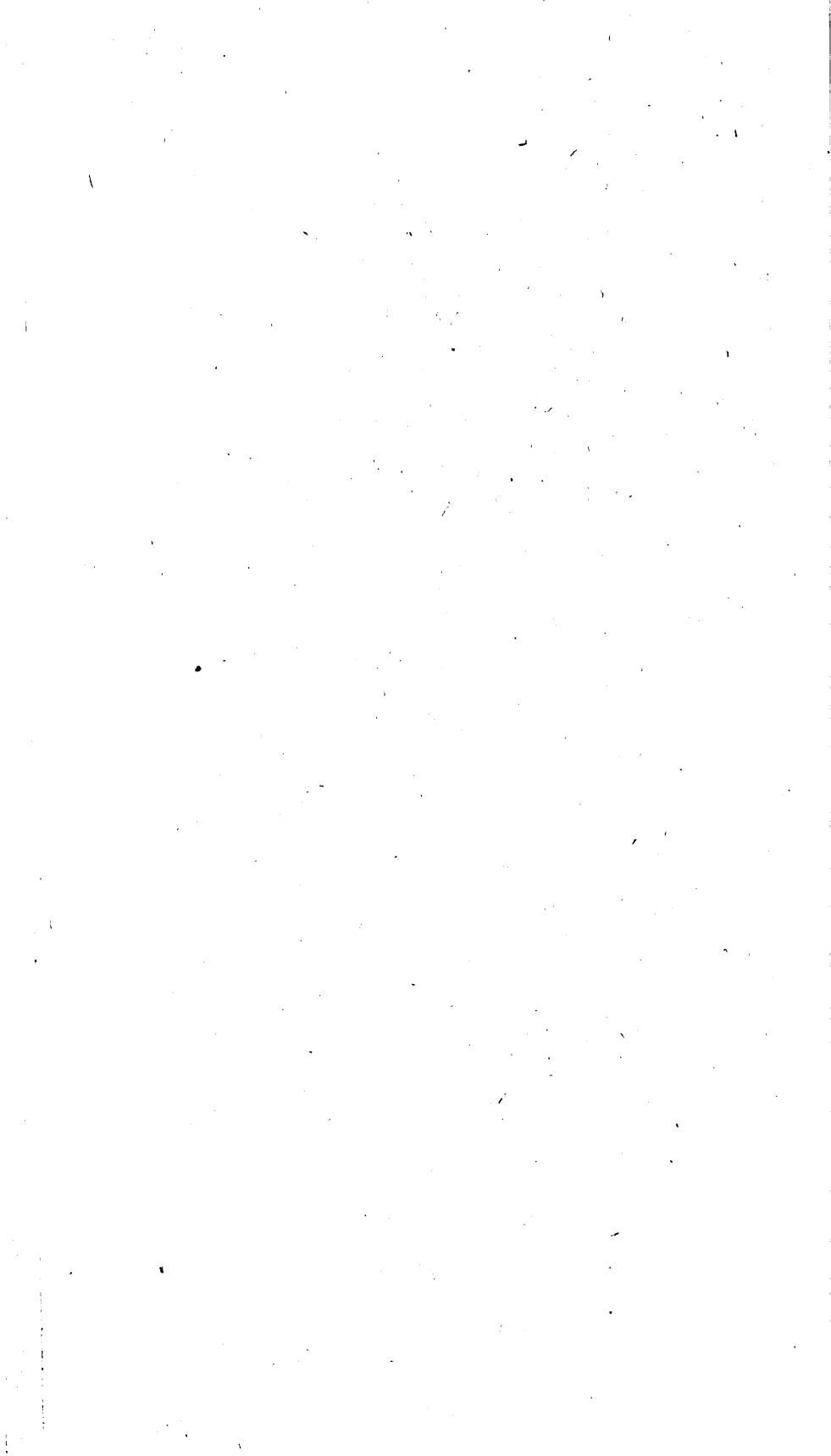
LONDON:

SHACKELL AND ARROWSMITH, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

~~27~~ HS.
Ln







THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
455 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building

THE NE
REFERENCE DEPT

This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building

This book is under no charge
taken from the Building

